

APRIL 2, 1984

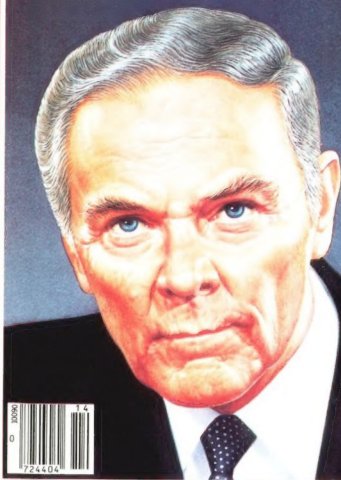
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TIME

NOMINEE ON HOLD
Ethics Becomes
An Issue

HAIG LOOKS BACK

DRAWING THE LINE IN CENTRAL AMERICA



“El Salvador represents a symptom of dangerous conditions in the Americas—Cuban adventurism, Soviet strategic ambition.”

ON FOREIGN POLICY

“After the Carter experiment in obsequiousness, there was an imperative need to deal with the Soviet question.”

ON REAGAN'S MEN

“Ed Meese and his colleagues perceived their rank in the Administration as being superior to that of any member of the Cabinet.”



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A Letter from the Publisher

During the first 18 months of Ronald Reagan's Administration, Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott spent much of his time covering the activities of Secretary of State Alexander Haig. It was, says Talbott, a first-rate assignment. "Haig is an exciting, often controversial personality," Talbott notes, "with an embattled view of the world and the press. He was one of Washington's best stories." Now, 21 months after Haig's resignation from the Cabinet, Talbott can look back upon a unique opportunity to re-explore the events he once reported. He has spent most of the past six weeks excerpting Haig's memoirs, *Caveat: Realism, Reagan and Foreign Policy*, for the two-part series that begins in this week's issue of TIME.

Talbott went over the excerpts line by line with Haig in the former Secretary's Washington office. Recalls Talbott: "I was impressed by Haig's care and conscientiousness in helping preserve the essence of his story. I was also struck by his sensitivity to the inevitable difficulty of compressing a complicated, important story that Haig tells in 384 book pages."

Haig's memoirs, to be published by Macmillan early next month, defend his record as Secretary of State and attack some

officials in the White House inner circle whom he blames for his downfall. One interesting aspect of Haig's story from a journalist's point of view, says Talbott, is "the impact of journalism on people who make the news. Haig sees the press as having a key part in his biggest losing fight, against White House insiders for access to, and influence on, the President. We of the press were well aware of the struggle, but were assured by

Administration spokesmen that we were exaggerating or even imagining it. After reading the book, I believe that, if anything, we underplayed the story."

Reporter-Researcher Bridgid O'Hara-Forster checked the manuscript's independently verifiable data. Executive Editor Ronald Kriss, who has had a major role in preparing nearly all the recent book excerpts that have appeared in TIME, including those from the memoirs of Henry Kissinger and Jimmy Carter, supervised the Haig project. Says Kriss: "It is practically unprecedented for a former major member of an Administration to publish a controversial book about his experiences while that Administration is still in power. That adds an additional level of newsworthiness to the contents of the book."



Talbott and Haig work on memoir excerpts

John A. Meyers

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Cover: In the first of two excerpts from his memoirs, Haig tells how he decided to get tough with the Soviets, particularly in Central America, and of the bureaucratic battles that put him at odds with Reagan's men. See SPECIAL SECTION.



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1984

At this point, some three months into the new year, you may be forgiven if you are already sick of reading stories with "1984" in the headline—stories about how near we are to George Orwell's "vision"... stories decrying the computer age. The year is here at last, one is tempted to say, so let's get on with it and let the novel rest.

Orwell's perceptive book was, after all, an allegory about the dangers of big, intrusive government. It was not a prediction. It was not an examination of science and technology. While the strides society has made since Orwell's day in electronics, communication, and computerization could theoretically put powerful weapons in the hands of an oppressor, they have in reality put powerful tools in the hands of the average citizen.

So we'd like to stand "1984" on its head for a moment and examine not the oppressiveness of Big Brother, but the usefulness of Little Computer as the year has arrived. We cite some examples from our business.

Norway: It's late at night. A motorist is low on gasoline. His station, operated by Mobil's Norwegian affiliate, appears closed... but is it? Even though the staff has gone home, he can get gasoline by inserting his bank debit card (or cash card) in a computer terminal. He gets gasoline the same the way he can get cash after hours from his bank.

Australia: A customer needing a spare part can get it at the Mobil Oil Australia Handy Mart as he stops for gasoline. The dealer, a small businessman, can afford the wide-ranging inventory required for this business because of help from computerization. His inventory information is fed into a small hand-held pad when the salesman visits. The salesman calls a telephone number, lets the pad "speak" into the phone to the computer, and in 24 hours the dealer is restocked.

Belgium: A motorist pulls up to the pumps, puts a 500-franc note (about \$9) into the terminal, gets her gasoline, and pulls away. A second motorist uses a bank debit card. There are no employees at all here, and a station at this location might not be economic were it not for the fact that it can be run from an office in Antwerp, many miles away.

The U.S.: The customer doesn't have enough cash in her purse to cover both the gasoline and the groceries she intends to buy. A computerized network now being installed in 2,400 Mobil-branded stations will soon give her the option of paying for purchases not only with a MasterCard, Visa, or Mobil credit card, but with a bank debit card as well. Whichever she chooses, the authorization will be immediate and the paperwork will be completed in the computer terminal. The new computerized system will cut down on business costs—such as operating expenses, fraud losses, and record-keeping—and it saves time and creates more conveniences for the customer.

These glimpses from around the world take different forms because laws, customs, and business conditions differ from country to country. But from Japan to Scandinavia, and from New York to Los Angeles, the computer, the customer, and the service station are coming together in new and exciting ways that benefit both business and consumer. And it's happening in 1984.

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Letters

Democratic Race

To the Editors:

It should have come as no surprise to Americans that Gary Hart overtook Walter Mondale in the early primaries [NATION, March 12]. Many people see Hart as a breath of fresh air in a country that is politically stagnant. Mondale comes across as a politician who helped give away the Panama Canal, allowed American hostages to remain captive in Iran, and used our Olympic athletes as a political tool.

Michael T. Caughey
Williamsburg, Va.



Forget the issues. Americans are going to vote for the candidate who looks and sounds the way they think a President should. Senator Hart, with his good looks and his smooth, Middle American voice is perceived as representing the current fashion for Presidents better than any of the other contenders for the Democratic nomination.

George A. Young
Bridgewater, N.J.

The lesson that politicians should learn from Mondale's experience is that voters normally expect the unions to endorse the Democratic candidate. But to accept labor's beneficence even before the show begins is to accept identification with the political objectives of the AFL-CIO. It presents Mondale as a one-issue, class-oriented candidate.

Christopher Kane
Seattle

Mondale is not tying himself to organized labor but is aligning himself with a group that represents the concerns of all working people.

Laura Walker
Washington, D.C.

Most politicians have links with some special-interest groups. Given the choice, I would rather have a President who is concerned about the needs of the working

people than a President who believes his role is to serve the needs of his millionaire cronies.

Terence O. Dungan
New Paltz, N.Y.

By choosing Hart, the Democratic primary voters are reflecting the intellectual caliber of their party. Today's Democrats lack a coherent philosophy; they seize on the personality who best fits the fad.

Jay Grassell
Greenfield, Wis.

In the details about Hart's background, you say he is a graduate of Bethany Nazarene College, "a conservative Methodist school." Bethany is not and has never been a part of the Methodist Church. It is a private liberal arts college operated by the Church of the Nazarene.

Faye J. Shelton
Nashville

Jackson's Faux Pas

The long presidential selection process does serve a purpose. It can expose a candidate's faults, like Jesse Jackson's attitude toward the Jews [NATION, March 12]. Who would have guessed that deep down Jackson is a bigot?

Dan A. Sinema
Tucson

Jackson is a man of the cloth cut on the bias.

Al Hamburg
Champaign, Ill.

It is unfortunate that Jackson has used terms that have insulted the Jewish people. But he has apologized, pointing out that all of us need to work to rid ourselves of the prejudices we harbor.

Ernest Charles McCray
San Diego

Lebanon Pullout

Lebanon might well be called the greatest foreign policy defeat for the U.S. in recent history [WORLD, March 5]. Our diplomatic decisions were a disaster because we were not an objective broker. Resorting to naval and military force only emphasized our ineptitude and reflected the desperation of our leaders.

Dallas M. Coors
Bethesda, Md.

Christian Arabs

I was delighted to read your article about the Lebanese Christians and their ties with the Western world [WORLD, March 5]. As a Jordanian, I am proud to be called an Arab. My Lebanese friends deny they are Arabs. They insist they are still Phoenicians.

Zane Gazal
Las Vegas

The Lebanese Christians associate themselves with the West because the French, who once occupied the country, made them feel they were more European than Arab. The Lebanese are Arabs whether they like it or not.

*Ali Ghezuwi
San Antonio*

Phony Terrorists

The raid on Camp Lejeune by a group of reporters who wanted to show the inadequate security there [NATION, March 12] was an irresponsible attempt by the press to create its own news. Had the editors of the Wilmington (N.C.) *Morning Star* been sincerely concerned about the welfare of the Marines, they would have informed the camp's authorities about security shortcomings more discreetly.

*Lynn Borton
Shavertown, Pa.*

Pornography's Rights

Your story on pornography is critical of the Minneapolis city council's attempt to ban pornography on the ground that it violates women's civil rights [Essay, March 12]. From the day she is born, a woman must deal with the offensive message that comes from pornography and with the real violence that results from demeaning displays. Through advertising, films, music and magazines, a woman is bombarded with offensive messages as to her purpose and worth. This does indeed violate her civil rights.

*Barbara Daly
Oak Forest, Ill.*

Those who want to censor pornography forget that if it were not for women, there would be precious little of it around. Feminists should picket the women who pose for the photographs and films, not the shops that sell the material.

*Marlou Crisp
West Kingston, R.I.*

Some day pornography will be considered a past social injustice in the same way slavery is viewed today. No longer will pornography be able to hide behind the First Amendment; it will be seen as the violation of civil rights that is.

*Karen McKeener
San Diego*

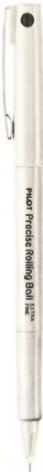
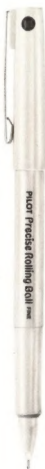
Pornography degrades those men and women who produce it as well as those who look at it. It contradicts the important relationship between love and sexual intercourse. Pornography must be restricted, and every appropriate effort toward that end should be supported.

*Ralph Bergande
Dormagen, West Germany*

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SEA EAGLE >

Letters

not the earth, is the center of the universe [SCIENCE, March 12]. Will it take the church equally long to accept the fact that Charles Darwin was right in saying that man is not the focal point of all creation?

Chuck Weaver
Waco, Texas

Good for Pope John Paul II, who has the wisdom and the courage to admit that the Bible does not contain specific scientific truths.

Paul L. Rosasco
Pensacola, Fla.

Robert Cardinal Bellarmine and Galileo Galilei were both right. But they made unjustified claims and gave indefensible reasons for their views. Each thought that he alone referred to what was real. In addition, Cardinal Bellarmine thought that only the Bible should be used as an authority on questions regarding reality. Instead, he should have referred to experience, common sense, and to farmers, sailors, and in fact to anyone who took his own perceptions seriously. Galileo, on the other hand, thought that the real was just mathematics converted into the concrete. Instead, Galileo should have recognized that his mathematics could tell him only of an abstracted world in which there was no time flow, no voluminous space, no creative acts of becoming. What is real is the source of both their views—experienceable and scientific—neither of which has a place for the other.

Paul Weiss, Professor of Philosophy
Catholic University of America
Washington, D.C.

Coining a Phrase

Your article "Journalism as a Second Tongue" [ESSAY, Feb. 6] is very good stuff. Obviously, space limitations prevented you from referring to that sort of political mission known as "fact finding." I went on such a mission once, found a fact, picked it up with tweezers, and now keep it in a cigar box in my garage in case there is ever any demand for it.

The phrase "between a rock and a hard place" is, to my knowledge, a ruralism. I first heard it in Arizona about 1940 and had the impression it had been in use long before that. Country sayings almost invariably have a much higher poetic component than their big-city equivalents. Some of these observations have become classics, like "nervous as a long-tailed cat in a roomful of rockin' chairs." One of my particular favorites is "as lonesome as a peanut in a boxcar."

Steve Allen
Van Nuys, Calif.

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A Question of Ethics

The Meese investigation puts the Reagan Administration under a cloud

The turnabout was startling. A mere four weeks ago, Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, self-assured and articulate, fended off hostile questions from Democratic Senators at his confirmation hearings and emerged confident that he would quickly become Attorney General of the U.S. But last week a Justice Department investigation into his tangled finances was under way, the press was nipping at his heels, and Meese, first bewildered and then combative, was asking that a special prosecutor be appointed to investigate "the misrepresentations and baseless charges" against him. The probe could take months, delaying and possibly dooming his confirmation.

There was more at stake in the Washington drama than the personal fate of Meese, a 17-year intimate of Ronald Reagan's and until recently one of his most influential aides. Even if found by a special prosecutor to have committed no crime, Meese will still face congressional opposition for accepting financial help from men who were later appointed to federal positions. "There's absolutely no relationship whatsoever between any financial transaction I was involved in and anybody getting a job at any time," Meese insisted. Nonetheless, there was still an appearance of impropriety. Meese's missteps intensified the aura of ethical laxity that has clung to the Reagan Administration from its earliest days. The cumulative impact of questionable dealings and pressured resignations by Reagan appointees has not seemed to hurt the President. But as the November election approaches, the Democrats are certain to portray Reagan as unduly tolerant of misfeasance by his underlings.

Political considerations were, in fact, uppermost in the minds of White House strategists and Reagan's Senate allies last week as they grappled with Meese's deteriorating situation. The relatively routine confirmation was derailed when the Washington *Post* disclosed that the nominee had failed to report a \$15,000 interest-free loan from a California friend, Edwin



I intend to pursue the vindication of my name, the honor of my family, and the confidence of the President.

Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese

I will not withdraw his nomination for the position of Attorney General.

President Ronald Reagan

W. Thomas, to Meese's wife Ursula: the 1978 Ethics in Government Act requires that any official paid more than \$60,000 must list all such loans in financial-disclosure statements. Even Strom Thurmond, the Republican chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, agreed that Meese and other witnesses should be called to face more questioning. Declared Thurmond: "There will be no cover-up."

Although Meese had called the omission of the loan "inadvertent," his error posed a dilemma for Attorney General William French Smith, a Meese friend who wants to retire in time to help Reagan campaign for re-election. The Justice Department was prosecuting Republican Congressman George Hansen of Idaho for failing to include loans to his wife on the disclosure forms required of members of Congress. The Hansen loans from Texas Billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt were larger than Meese's (the largest was \$62,000), and Hansen refuses to file amended forms. Meese has readily done so, but that might not be enough to save him. With Hansen on trial last week,

Smith would have been criticized if he had not ordered an investigation into Meese's omission.

Smith also had to worry about Federal Judge Harold Greene. Only last month, Greene ruled that the Justice Department "ignored" the Ethics Act when it failed to seek appointment of a special prosecutor to investigate charges that Reagan campaign aides in 1980 had illegally acquired debate briefing papers and other documents from Jimmy Carter's campaign staff. Instead, Smith had his department conduct its own inquiry and merely issued a press release contending that it had found no "credible evidence" of any crime. Since his confirmation hearings raised new questions about whether Meese had received some of the Carter papers, Smith would be open to charges of ignoring the Ethics Act once again if he decided not to request a special prosecutor.

The political problem was seen by Reagan aides as one of timing. An outside prosecutor could take five months or more to probe all the allegations against Meese. That would keep the controversy burning right up until election time. At the beginning of last week, Smith and Justice Department aides had started a preliminary investigation apparently limited to the Thomas loan. If no wrongdoing was evident, Meese could claim that he had been "cleared," obviating the appointment of a special prosecutor. Meese partisans assumed the nominee would then survive more grilling by the Judiciary Committee and win full Senate confirmation well before the election campaign reached a critical stage.

Thurmond and the Judiciary Committee's ranking Democrat, Joseph Biden, had other ideas. They drafted a letter to Smith demanding a broad investigation of all the controversial Meese dealings, including the Carter papers. On Wednesday, Meese met with Thurmond, Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker and Republican Senator Paul Laxalt. Reagan's best friend on Capitol Hill. "We talked



Together on the White House lawn in 1983, together in California, still together last week

about expediting the process," Laxalt explained afterward. But they found no easy way to avoid an outside investigation.

Meese then took the matter forcefully into his own hands. He issued a call for an independent counsel to conduct "a fair and complete hearing" so that he could respond "to any charge raised against me." Meese vowed to "pursue the vindication of my name, the honor of my family and the confidence of the President."

Meese had no reason to doubt that Reagan was still with him. "I've never been one that wanted to throw the baby out of the sleigh to the wolves in order to lighten the load," Reagan told a group of newspaper reporters. While he had not examined Meese's finances, "I do know that he had to make some pretty great economic sacrifices to come here and work for the Government." Reagan said that Meese would remain as his Counsellor until he was confirmed as Attorney General. After completing his required preliminary probe, Smith was expected to ask a panel of three judges to appoint a special prosecutor.

At week's end Meese embarked on an aggressive media campaign, holding spirited interviews with leading publications, including *TIME*. He assailed his critics as "character assassins," without saying whom he had in mind. Yet he seemed naive when he insisted that he was not wrong in accepting the Thomas loan because "it never occurred to me that an interest-free loan was a thing of value."

If a special prosecutor is assigned to delve into all of the allegations, he will have a full plate. Some of the particulars:

The Thomas Loan. Ursula Meese borrowed \$15,000 on Jan. 7, 1981, just two weeks before Reagan's Inauguration. She used the money on Jan. 26 to buy \$7,500 worth of stock for each of two children in Biotech Capital Corp., a New York investment company then making its first public stock offering. Meese failed to disclose the loan in his 1981, 1982 and 1983 forms. He also neglected to list the stock holdings as a family asset in 1981. Mrs. Meese sold the stock on May 13, 1983, taking a loss of \$3,398. She repaid \$5,000 of the loan in November 1982 and the other \$10,000 in June 1983, without interest. Thomas became Meese's aide at a salary of \$59,500 on Jan. 29, 1981. He moved back to California in February 1982, as a regional administrator of the General Services Administration, earning \$69,600. His wife Gretchen got a federal job with the Merit Systems Protection Board at \$30,402 in San Francisco on Sept. 5, 1982. Meese obviously had chosen his own deputy. If the appointment of Thomas was made in return for the financial help, that would be a crime.

Other Loans. Four other men who helped Meese out of financial difficulties also wound up with federal positions. They were John McKeen, who lent Meese a total of \$60,000 in two loans in June and

December 1981, and became a member of the Postal Service board of governors on July 31, 1981; Thomas Barrack, who spent \$70,000 of his own money to help Meese find a buyer for his California house in the summer of 1982 and became Deputy Under Secretary of the Interior in December 1982; Gordon Luce, chairman of Great American Federal Savings Bank in San Diego, and Edwin Gray, a former senior vice president of the bank, which permitted Meese to fall 15 months behind on mortgage loans of more than \$400,000. Luce became alternate U.S. delegate to the United Nations in September 1982; Gray became chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank board in May 1983. Both are longtime acquaintances of Reagan's and, says Meese, did not need his help in getting federal jobs.

Carter Papers. The independent counsel may try to find out whether Meese was truthful in asserting that he did not know that the Reagan campaign staff had covertly acquired Carter campaign documents in 1980. Investigators found some such papers in Meese's 1980 campaign files. He denies seeing most of them, a claim that Democratic Senator Howard Metzenbaum, his chief Judiciary Committee critic, calls "unbelievable."

Most Administrations have been plagued by ethical breakdowns of varying seriousness. Harry Truman's military aide, General Harry Vaughan, accepted a



Attorney General Smith: eager to leave

freezer from a manufacturer and survived the uproar. Dwight Eisenhower fired his chief of staff, Sherman Adams, for giving Government favors to an industrialist and taking a vicuña coat and an Oriental rug from him. Jimmy Carter defended his Budget Director and crony, Bert Lance, until Lance quit under charges that he had permitted relatives to overdraw their accounts in a bank he had headed. And then, of course, there were Richard Nixon's Watergate transgressions.

No single act by a Reagan subordinate has produced an outright scandal. But taken together, the many mistakes

form a troubling pattern of insensitivity to the higher standards of conduct expected in Government service. Perhaps even more disquieting is the fact that the amiable President seems oblivious to the problem. Far from publicly rebuking any wayward officials or nominees, he has been eager to defend his loyalists.

The most notable of the early blots on the Administration involved CIA Director William Casey, who survived charges that he had misled investors about the finances of a New Orleans agribusiness company. A top aide, Max Hugel, was accused of illegal stock manipulation and quit. National Security Adviser Richard Allen resigned after accepting three wristwatches and taking, but not spending, \$1,000 from a Japanese magazine to arrange an interview with Nancy Reagan. While saying there were a "disturbing" number of allegations that Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan was connected to mobsters, a special prosecutor found "insufficient credible evidence" to charge Donovan with a crime. Veterans Administrator Robert Nimmo abused his Government transportation perks, spent \$54,183 to decorate his office and resigned. Attorney General Smith took some whopping tax deductions (\$66,000 for a \$16,500 investment) from investments in oil and gas tax shelters, then agreed to reduce them when they were publicized.

The closest thing to a full-blown scandal was the Environmental Protection

"I See a Hurt in His Eyes"

A few close friends gathered round when the awful impact of Edwin Thomas' \$15,000 loan to Ursula Meese began to sink in. "I blew it," Ed Meese kept repeating in a low tone. "I completely forgot about it." At one point, when her husband left the room to make a phone call, Ursula broke down and wept. Never before had the friends seen Ursula Meese cry. "I've done this to him," she sobbed, "and he doesn't deserve it."

The scene poignantly etched Meese's troubles as he seeks confirmation as Attorney General. In his early days in the White House, Meese was the confident, unshakable "deputy President." Supervising both the National Security Council staff and that of its domestic equivalent, the Office of Policy Development, he was one of a handful of aides who could walk into the Oval Office without an appointment. Within a year of the Inauguration, however, his operational influence began to fade. Though an inveterate draftsman of organization charts, Meese was disorganized. Those he chose for staff positions were considered weak and ineffectual. But he was still Reagan's closest ideological soul mate, valued for his unwavering loyalty and his ability to reflect the President's political instincts.

Friends say Meese's dream was to be Attorney General, and when William French Smith stepped aside, Re-

gan was quick to oblige. Meese's legal qualifications were hardly overwhelming: a 1958 graduate of the University of California Law School at Berkeley, he spent eight years as deputy district attorney for Alameda County, Calif.; worked briefly as a button-down lawyer in private industry; and from 1978 to 1980 taught criminal law at the University of San Diego Law School. (As a professor and consultant, he earned less than \$100,000 a year. His White House salary is \$72,000.) But for Reagan, it was enough that Meese was a friend, a long-time lieutenant (he served as chief of staff during Reagan's two terms as Governor of California) and a tough law-and-order man. Indeed, one of Meese's few hobbies in California was listening to police calls on a home radio set.

In his present difficulties, Meese seems vulnerable, almost pathetic. His friends frankly worry about what he will

do in private life if the confirmation controversy forces him out of Government. "He has made his whole life a satellite of someone else," comments a former Reagan aide. "Without Reagan he never would have been a great success."

Meese's intimates insist he was careless, not venal. "He was trying to live up to the Joneses, and the Joneses felt sorry for him," says one, referring to the loans Meese got from friends. Even so, Meese's dream of being Attorney General is clearly on hold. "I see a hurt in his eyes," says his old friend Republican Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada. "He seems bewildered. He can't understand how this could happen to him."



Ursula Meese and Daughter Dana on Capitol Hill

Agency's favoritism to companies producing toxic wastes. Administrator Anne Burford and more than 20 other EPA officials resigned. Rita Lavelle, head of the hazardous-wastes program, was convicted of perjury.

Thomas Reed quit his position as a consultant to the National Security Council staff amid charges of "insider trading" in stocks. Federal Aviation Administrator J. Lynn Helms resigned when grand juries probed his past business dealings. Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Thayer, accused of insider trading, also left the Government. A dozen or more lesser Administration officials were accused of abusing their offices.

Many of the Administration officials deny any wrongdoing and vow to clear their names in legal proceedings. Yet the quantity of accusations seems to suggest, at the least, a cavalier attitude about the appearance of impropriety. Declares former Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox, who now heads Common Cause: "There has been an extraordinary and widespread insensitivity to ethical standards in this Administration. The most disappointing thing is that the President has not spoken out on this matter."

J. Jackson Walter, former director of the Office of Government Ethics in the Carter and Reagan Administrations, believes that the Reaganaunts' "anti-Government rhetoric and mentality have something to do with" their casual attitude toward ethical judgments. Officials who do not respect many Government programs, he contends, have little respect for Government standards. An Administration lawyer agrees that appointees who are "used to the mores of the marketplace find all these disclosure requirements philosophically offensive."

Whatever the cause, the Administration's ethical failings are likely to prove an irresistible target for the Democratic presidential candidates. Gary Hart has released a list of 55 Administration officials who he claims have faced "serious allegations of wrongdoing involving unethical behavior, abuse of power or privilege, or even, in some cases, criminal actions." He charges that "abuse of Government has become a way of life in this Administration, yet it seems to concern no one very much—not even the President. It should." Walter Mondale last week spoke of the "sleaze factor" in the Administration.

"The Democrats are not going to let go of this," a Republican Senator predicted. "Politically, no one can fault them for that, although we will do so publicly. It's going to be a long, hot spring and summer." Either of two men could cool the issue: Ed Meese, by withdrawing from the confirmation proceedings, or Ronald Reagan, by spiking Meese's nomination. But for the best of reasons—one man's need to vindicate a reputation, the other's loyalty to an old and valued friend—Republicans are bracing for a long, hard siege.

—By Ed Magnuson.

Reported by Laurence L. Barrett and Anne Constable/Washington



Hoping for passage: the Rev. Jimmy Swaggart addresses supporters outside the Capitol

Prayer Left Unanswered

The Senate rejects a constitutional amendment

As the afternoon wore on, the crowd outside the Capitol grew larger and louder. Demonstrators carried placards demanding the return of God to America's classrooms. Television evangelists addressed the crowd through megaphones as journalists jostled for position. Inside the Senate chamber, Majority Leader Howard Baker announced: "The hour is at hand to stop talking and start voting." All 100 members came to the floor during the 52 minutes of roll calls as Vice President George Bush ceremoniously acted as presiding officer. But the final tally left many prayers unanswered. The vote last week on a proposed constitutional amendment to permit organized praying in public schools was 56 to 44 in favor, eleven votes short of the two-thirds majority needed to approve the measure.

If the amendment had been passed by a two-thirds majority of the Senate and the House and subsequently ratified by three-fourths of the states, it would have overturned a series of Supreme Court decisions. Dating back to 1962, they declared state-sponsored prayers in public schools to be violations of the First Amendment.

The rejection of the amendment was particularly disappointing for President Reagan. A longtime supporter of school prayer, Reagan revived the issue in this election year as a way to rally his conservative core constituency. Even though the Executive Branch has no official constitutional role in the amendment process, Reagan endorsed a version of the proposal that would have permitted spoken prayer in classrooms. When conservative Republican Orrin Hatch drew up an alternative proposal permitting only silent prayer, correctly arguing that

it would have a better chance of passage, Reagan pressured him into backing down.

The President mounted a low-pitched lobby, inviting Republicans Robert Stafford of Vermont and Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania to the White House for some friendly persuasion. As he left the Oval Office, Stafford said to Reagan, "Of all the Presidents I've known, from Eisenhower to you, you're the hardest to say no to." But both Senators did indeed say no, along with 16 other Republicans and 26 Democrats. Political pressure appeared to play a role. Of the 29 Senators seeking re-election this year, 20 voted for the amendment. Of the 67 Senators not up for re-election, 34 voted no.

Opponents hammered away at the weak spots in the measure: the problem of who would decide the wording of school prayers; the possibility of offending children from families of minority religious beliefs; and the fundamental issue of the separation of church and state. Connecticut Republican Lowell Weicker, who led the opposition, concluded the Senate debate by asking his colleagues, "Why forfeit our birthright of religious liberty for a mess of speculative, political potage?"

Taking the floor after the vote, North Carolina's conservative Republican Jesse Helms exclaimed, "Mr. President, we have just begun to fight!" Most Senators, however, wandered out of the chamber, apparently relieved that the voting was behind them. The controversy may persist, but the issue in the Senate and House is dead, at least for this year. If the President is re-elected, the school-prayer amendment will most likely be resurrected. Said Reagan last week: "Our struggle will go on."



Opponent Weicker

Testing the Front-Runner Jinx

After Mondale bowls over Illinois, Hart needs a win in New York



In *The Godfather*, it was the severed head of a horse placed at the foot of the bed. In *Treasure Island*, it was a black spot pressed in the palm of the hand. In the 1984 Democratic primary campaign, the ultimate jinx has been the title front runner, bestowed by the evening news.

So when CBS Anchorman Dan Rather cheerfully said to Walter Mondale, after the former Vice President had defeated Gary Hart by 41% to 35% in the Illinois primary last week, "Congratulations. I suppose now you're the front runner again," Mondale recoiled in horror. "No, no," he spluttered. "The debate has just begun... We've got a long fight to go ahead of us here."

Whether he likes it or not, Mondale is once again the candidate to beat. Unlike previous favorites who fell apart after New Hampshire upsets, Mondale has struggled back on top. Illinois was a solid win for him. Labor rallied, the blue-collar workers and old folks turned out, the regular Democrats followed the endorsements of party leaders. Mondale even reached into the Chicago suburbs to win a large share of Hart's Yumpie (young upwardly mobile professional) vote. It went pretty much according to the pundits' script—at least as it was written before New Hampshire, when the Mondale campaign was still a "juggernaut" and Hart a "dark horse."

But Mondale's caution is justified. He cannot really hope to re-emerge as the clear favorite to take the nomination unless he wins the New York primary next week. In many ways New York poses the purest test to date. Mondale is no longer burdened by his aura of inevitability, and Hart is no longer a novelty item. Voters should be less swayed by ephemera.

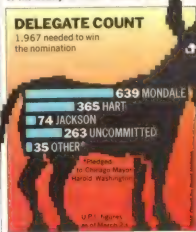
With a total of 285 delegates (172 to be chosen next week), the Empire State is the biggest prize yet, and the second biggest (after California) in the race for the nomination. Although Hart and Mondale have split the primaries, Mondale has fared far better in the caucuses, winning almost twice as many delegates. A victory in New York would not only widen that gap, but would show that Mondale can pull in the popular vote. Says a top official of the Democratic National Committee: "If Hart loses New York, he has to win virtually everything else the rest of the way. Mondale is trying for the K.O., and he may score one." Concedes a Hart aide: "You can explain away Illinois and Michigan, but if the message can't be sold in New York, it probably won't sell overall."

As a hunting ground for Mondale, New



Mondale shows his bowling form in Queens

York is like Illinois, only more so. "It is more Democratic—with a big D—more ethnic, more elderly, more unionized than Illinois," says Tim Russert, counselor to New York Governor Mario Cuomo. Says a Mondale campaign official: "New Yorkers are tougher, more cynical and not as taken by the idea of newness. Plus Hart's newness has been out there a while." New York City Mayor Ed Koch backs Mondale, as do Cuomo and 55 of 62 county chairmen. Unlike Illinois, New York does not allow independents and Republicans to vote in the Democratic primary, thus stripping Hart of his ability to reach outside the



party. Says Hart's national co-chairman, Theodore Sorensen: "It's tough. The entire Establishment is against us."

The swing vote may be New York's Jewish community, which makes up almost a third of the Democratic voters. Both candidates are bidding furiously for its support. Hart's first stop in the state last week was the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations. The man who has been accusing Mondale of catering to interest groups promised Jewish leaders that he would never sell arms to Arabs, never criticize Israel in public, and never disturb existing West Bank settlements, which are "as legal as any others in the world."

Hart claimed that his pro-Israel record is even purer than Mondale's, a contrast in shades of white. He accused Mondale of having lobbied for the Carter Administration's sale of F-15s to the Saudis in 1978 (Mondale insists that he was privately opposed until the planes were modified to be "defensive" weapons). Hart also blamed Mondale for trying, as Vice President, to "intimidate and coerce Israel into taking unacceptable risks that could jeopardize its very existence," by which he meant signing the Camp David accords in 1978. "Unlike others," Hart declared, "I have no apologies to make and no explanations to offer."

Within a matter of minutes, however, Hart was apologizing and explaining. In his speech to the Jewish leaders, Hart gave his unqualified support to moving the U.S. embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, the disputed capital of Israel. (Legislation mandating the relocation of the embassy as an expression of U.S. faith in Israel has 37 co-sponsors in the Senate and 208 in the House.) But after the speech, Hart was asked why he had earlier stated in a letter to a Jewish group that such a move should only occur after negotiations involving all sides, presumably meaning Egypt, Syria and Jordan. Mondale eagerly pointed on this letter, scoffing that the chance of Arab nations going along "is the same as the sun coming up in the west," and calling Hart's new position a "blatant political flip-flop."

Hart squirmed, explaining that the letter had been sent out by a junior Senate staffer, without his authorization. But when reporters pointed out that Hart had echoed the letter in a campaign speech only two weeks before, he was forced to describe his new position on Jerusalem as an "evolution" of his views.

The glitch was more revealing of Hart's campaign woes than of any lack of fealty to Israel. It was another in the series of flip-flops that have plagued his candidacy. In Illinois, Hart claimed that Mondale was attacking him with television ads that in fact were never aired. Then Hart put on television ads picturing Mondale as a tool of Chicago Boss Edward Vrdolyak, only to try to yank them when

it appeared that they would enmesh Hart in local politics. Hart's staff was unable to pull some of the ads for almost two days. Crowded Mondale: "Here's a person who wants to be President of the United States and he can't get an ad off television he's paying for in 48 hours. There's a question about who's in charge here."

The man in charge of the Hart campaign is Hart himself, and therein lies a weakness. As he proved in the 1972 McGovern campaign and in his stunning upset this year in New Hampshire, Hart is a shrewd political tactician. But it is exceedingly difficult to be a winning candidate and an artful campaign manager at the same time. As Hart correctly points out, the campaign has had to go from a "mom and pop operation to a national chain" overnight. Yet the business is still largely owner run: when Hart delegates, he often finds himself trying to clean up the mistakes of his young and inexperienced staff. His aides are so eager for advice that they solicit it from political reporters. When a TV correspondent suggested that Hart counter Mondale's "Where's the beef?" line by displaying his book *A New Democracy* between buns, Hart produced a "bookburger" at the very next stop. When another correspondent complained that Hart's neckties were too pale for TV and suggested he "wear red," the candidate began sprouting red ties.

Unlike Mondale, who always travels with a trusted aide, Hart often sits alone on the campaign plane, reading magazines staring out the window. This week Hart aides tried to find their man a "sage" on the order of Mondale's Jim Johnson or John Reilly. But the two would-be wise men—Mark Hogan, a former Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, and Ronald Dozoretz, a Portsmouth, Va., psychiatrist who is active in state politics—are neither national political heavyweights nor particularly close to Hart. Hart's staff fears that the candidate is burning out. "I keep asking him to take a night off and go to a movie," says Press Secretary Kathy Bushkin. Yet Hart presses on, exhausted.

Mondale also admits to being "pooped." Even so, his campaign has been fairly error free since it made the almost fatal mistake of ignoring Hart before New Hampshire. After that shock, Mondale seemed strangely liberated, giving his strongest speeches of the campaign on his best issue, compassion and fairness to the poor. He attacked Hart with a toughness many thought Mondale lacked. As Illinois approached, Mondale began to lose some steam, but he remained well insulated by his able handlers. All of a sudden his stolid candidacy, which had contrasted so poorly with Hart's campaign of new ideas, began to look safer to voters unsettled by Hart's change of name (from Hartence) and age (younger by a year). Said Housewife Marge Lannon, 37, who voted



Hart at a rebuilt bridge in Connecticut

for Mondale in Illinois: "I was taken in by Hart, but then I remembered the peanut farmer who came in and was President before anyone realized it. Mondale has a lot more experience."

Adding to his drumbeat of nervous-making adjectives ("unsteady," "inexperienced," "naive"), Mondale last week called Hart "uncertain, delayed and confused" on arms control, the "central issue of our time." Hart had only embraced a freeze on most nuclear weapons, Mondale charged, after first supporting a build-down proposal that would allow both sides to build new weapons if they destroyed more old ones. The build-down, insisted Mondale, was "totally at odds" with the freeze. Actually, Hart had carefully conceived positions on arms control until he began doing precisely what he accuses Mondale of doing, posturing for political purpose. Hart claims that he embraced the simplistic freeze only when his more sophisticated approaches failed to attract support.

Mondale has struck fear in the Hart



Jesse Jackson and Mayor Harold Washington embrace in Chicago

A threat in New York: siphoning black votes from Mondale.

camp by hiring Media Consultant David Garth. Mondale's regular media man, Roy Spence, came up with the worst slogan of the campaign, declaring before New Hampshire that Mondale "dares to be cautious." Garth is known as a tough New York street fighter. "We expect a vicious, negative series of attacks," says Hart Deputy Campaign Chairman David Landau.

The Hart camp is planning some low blows of its own. Two ads have been prepared attacking Mondale: one focuses on the Carter Administration's failure to honor the 1976 Democratic platform's call to move the U.S. embassy to Jerusalem; the other pictures a burning fuse and accuses Mondale of failing to learn "the lessons of Viet Nam" in Central America.

Hart expects to have twice as much money as Mondale to spend on advertising in New York. Hoping to clinch the nomination early, Mondale spent more than \$10 million in 1983; he risks bumping up against the \$20 million federal spending ceiling by the time the campaign rolls into its last showdown, the California primary on June 5. Hart, who only raised \$1.5 million before New Hampshire, raked in twice as much in the past month. Mondale must also worry about Jesse Jackson siphoning off black votes that would otherwise go in his column. Jackson drew 79% of the black vote and 21% of the overall tally in Illinois.

The Hart camp hopes to regain some momentum this week by winning the Connecticut primary and adding 60 delegates to his total. Mondale is not putting up much of a fight there, apparently conceding a sweep of New England to Hart. But the race could still be close: Connecticut has a large ethnic, blue-collar labor vote, and the Yuppies tend to be Republicans, who cannot cross over and vote in the Democratic primary. Hart's aides expect an upswing after New York, when the primaries become less bunched up. Says Adviser Pat Caddell: "We'll have more time to develop our message and get Gary better known."

So far, however, exposure has not been kind to Hart. The doubts Mondale has planted about him have been heightened by the self-inflicted wounds of his own campaign. Hart's best hope remains the perception that he has a better chance than Mondale to win in November, since he has a potentially broader base of supporters. As one top Democratic official does the arithmetic: "If it's Hart against Reagan, the Mondale vote in the primaries would go to Hart. If it's Mondale against Reagan, a lot of the Hart vote would go to Reagan." The growing concern among many Democrats is that both will be too drained and scarred by their interlocking battle to put up much of a fight in the fall. —By Evan Thomas.

Reported by David Beckwith with Hart and John F. Stacks/New York, with other bureaus

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Older the Newer

Gary Hart claims to be the candidate of new ideas. Walter Mondale can't see it. In a strict sense, Mondale is right. At least, that's how Harry Truman would have seen it. Back in 1961 Truman, whose 100th birthday will be celebrated May 8 around a world still appreciative of his stewardship, told Author Merle Miller: "The only thing new in the world is the history you don't know. The only thing that changes is the names we give things."

Most ideas that work their way up to the presidency have been around for a while in one form or another. A lot of the nostrums for the Depression, for instance, were debated in the days of Herbert Hoover. But the man who got serious about them and acted on them, Franklin Roosevelt, became known as the New Thinker. John Kennedy did not dream up the Peace Corps. He swiped the idea from Congressman Henry Reuss and Senator Hubert Humphrey, who, of course, borrowed it from church missionaries. Lyndon Johnson's Great Society was a dusted-off, replated New Deal.



Harry Truman: only the names change

Political tradition allows an idea, no matter its vintage or origin, to be claimed as new when unearthed and proposed by a new contender under new circumstances. Indeed, the older the newer.

The easiest riposte to such new political thought is to claim it does not exist ("Where's the beef?"). By dismissing a new notion out of hand, a critic hopes to pre-empt debate on the idea without being forced to wrestle with the merit or the substance. For longer than anyone in Washington can remember, Presidents have been confronted by frothing opponents who claim, "He has no foreign (or domestic) policy." Translated, that generally means, "I won't accept his ideas but I don't have anything of my own." Fortunately, such obfuscation does not prevail long. The political record indicates that any President who acts suc-

cessfully to change things gets the credit for initiating a fresh approach no matter how old the ideas.

Many people heard Johnson in private yarn to sit down and talk over the world with China's Mao Tse-tung. L.B.J. did not raise the idea publicly or make it his doctrine. Richard Nixon did, and is credited with the most creative diplomatic idea of the era.

Ronald Reagan's ideas are as old as Calvin Coolidge, whose portrait still hangs in the Cabinet Room. Yet scholars now are writing that Reagan, agree with him or not, brought dramatic new methods and directions to the presidency.

Hart can justly claim new ideas for these times, particularly on defense matters, but as Truman's comment suggests, most of them were thought up long ago by others. None is as hoary as Hart's belief that U.S. land forces must learn maneuver warfare, a concept rooted in the thought of Sun Zi 2,000 years ago. The Chinese warrior wrote that successful offensives should be like streams rushing down mountains, seeking the paths of least resistance, flowing around obstacles instead of trying to go through or over them. Hart has consulted the fusty volumes of strategists like Germany's General Karl von Clausewitz and America's Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan. The Senator has studied Indian warfare, Napoleon's defeats, the apocalyptic battles of World War I. His advocacy of a stronger Navy, simpler and more reliable weapons and advancement of field officers over bureaucrats stems from his finding that when armed forces stay lean and flexible, they can defeat superior masses. A new old idea if there ever was one.

While the Pentagon constantly discusses and experiments with such concepts, no one in the Reagan Administration has put them together as Hart has done. Nor has Mondale, whose campaign oratory is rife with phrases about returning to the ideas and programs so rudely interrupted by Reagan. They are ideas that apparently have not been judged by many Americans as new. Perhaps Mondale's ideas are not old enough for this year's political rite of newness.

Zapping Back

A panel shoots down Star Wars

A year after President Ronald Reagan unveiled his proposal for stationing a U.S. missile defense system in space, the basic feasibility of the idea continues to generate superheated controversy. It has been soundly endorsed by two Pentagon scientific commissions, which contend that advances in laser and other directed-energy technology make zapping enemy missiles from space a viable defense strategy. Last week the results of an inquiry into the notion were announced by a nine-man study group of the Union of Concerned Scientists, an organization based in Cambridge, Mass., that supports a nuclear freeze and has been critical of the nuclear-power industry. The group's unsurprising verdict: the Star Wars space defense system envisioned by Reagan is technologically "unattainable."

Achieving the degree of effectiveness that would provide a shield for the entire U.S. population, the panel said, depends on the ability to intercept Soviet missiles just after they were launched, when their heat-emitting rocket engines provide a distinctive radar clue. No such "signature" is available during later stages of deployment, and detection is further complicated after the booster phase, when the rocket fires multiple re-entry vehicles, including some decoys. Even if only 5% of Soviet missiles penetrated the space shield, the group argued, as many as 60 million Americans would die.

The Soviets already have several means of foiling attempts at booster-stage interception. For example, the U.C.S. panel said, the Soviets could increase the power of their weapons' rocket boosters, cutting their burn time from a present average of 5 min. to as little as 40 sec. "We know very well how to defeat these defensive systems," says Henry Kendall, an M.I.T. physics professor and U.C.S. chairman. "We don't know how to build them." Further work on the project, the U.C.S. scientists contend, will destabilize the strategic balance, which depends on both sides being equally vulnerable to attack. In addition, it would almost certainly force the U.S. to abrogate the twelve-year-old antiballistic missile treaty with the Soviets, dealing a blow to nuclear-arms-control efforts in general.

Supporters of the space defense system were unfazed by the union's scathing report. Retired Army Lieut. General Daniel Graham called it the product of "those Charles River boys who say it can't be done." The Administration is continuing to press for an initial funding of \$1.8 billion in next year's defense budget, currently before Congress. Over the next five years, it wants the U.S. to spend a total of \$26 billion on the project.

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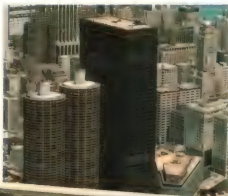
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Nation



Mourning bikers: a funeral ride in honor of slain Hell's Angel "Godfather" Raymond Piltz

Speed Demons

Angels wheel and deal

Call it "speed," "crank" or "poor man's coke," the powder produces a cocaine-like high at half the price. Methamphetamine, at \$60 a gram, is the discount drug of choice on the West Coast and a multimillion-dollar-a-year business for a new form of organized crime, a California-style Cosa Nostra on wheels. "We've got contract murders, interstate narcotics transactions, shipments of stolen property, cars and weapons," asserts U.S. Marshal Budd Johnson, member of a San Diego drug task force, the Organized Special Investigation Team (O.S.I.T.). "The Hell's Angels today are the new Mafia."

The legendary Hell's Angels spent the past decade in limbo. According to the O.S.I.T., the grungy motorcycle gang cleaned house, kicking out heroin-addicted deadweights, streamlining its chapters and sprucing up its psycho-fascist image. The tattoos, beards and beer bellies are still there, but the bikers have softened their death's-head emblem and dropped kinky regalia like decorative wings denoting various sexual feats. Says Johnson: "The Angels are 25 years ahead of other gangs. They went from a loose-knit bunch of guys to an organized crime family."

Today's Hell's Angels number more than 500 members in 32 chapters, and, according to the O.S.I.T., they control 75% of California's methamphetamine market. They have built up a highly sophisticated crime network, amassing tax shelters, high-priced lawyers and an arsenal of anti-tank rockets. Claymore mines and M-60 machine guns.

A special report to be released this week by the California attorney general's office details the growth of clandestine labs. Though the report does not specifically link Hell's Angels to methamphetamine stashes, FBI officials suspect the club is behind the bulk of them. "They have their own operation and distribution network," says Floyd Clarke, deputy assistant director of the FBI's criminal investi-

gative division. "The entire organization is involved in the operation."

The scope of the gang's drug operation began to be revealed only last fall. The O.S.I.T., investigating two 1977 mobster-style murders, persuaded four Angels to "roll over" and inform on the club in court. According to one informant, former Angel Hitman James ("Brett") Eaton, now a protected federal witness living under a new identity, the Angels cornered the methamphetamine market by cornering the chemists. In taped interviews with the O.S.I.T., made available to TIME, Eaton stated, "They find someone already making speed and say, 'O.K., now you make it for us.'" Typically, a Hell's Angel would pay a drug maker \$25,000 for five pounds and advance him another \$25,000 for the next five. "Now the guy owes the club," Eaton explained. The profits are handled illicitly. Said Eaton: "You try to sidestep the IRS, you get yourself money managers. Money is power. It buys policemen, judges."

For all its new-found finesse, the bikers' club did not abandon tradition, notably gang warfare. The 1977 murders that led to five convictions were one round of a raging dispute with a rival biker gang, the Mongols. Eaton and four other Angels ambushed two Mongol bikers on a San Diego freeway and machine-gunned them down. At the slain Mongols' funeral, a bouquet of red-and-white carnations (the Angel colors) and a dynamite-loaded Rambler were dropped off. The car exploded, injuring three mourners. The Mongols retaliated by gunning down Hell's Angel "Godfather" Raymond Piltz in 1982 at a biker bar in Lemon Grove, Calif.

Sonny Barger, 45, the famed former national president of the Hell's Angels, dismisses the FBI's charge that his club has become a wheeling and dealing version of the Mafia. "The Government is waging a smear campaign against us," says the biker turned bourgeois. "It is a Hollywood image and a Government image, but it is not the truth." Barger insists the gang cannot control what each member does. "A lot of Hell's Angels have gone to prison for individual things," he says, "just like policemen." ■

"Brutalized"

Sex charges at a nursery

Wearing Snoopy earrings and a purple coat dotted with Teddy-bear pins, Virginia McMartin, 76, a white-haired widow, sat in a wheelchair last week in a Los Angeles superior court, her head bowed low. McMartin, three relatives and three other women faced charges that they sodomized, fondled and raped more than 100 preschool children at a day-care center run by McMartin in Manhattan Beach, a coastal suburb of Los Angeles.

To frighten their victims into silence, the teachers allegedly cut off the ears of rabbits and other small animals in front of the children, warning the youngsters that the same fate could befall them. Said Los Angeles District Attorney Robert Philibosian: "The children were extremely reluctant to tell anyone about [the sexual abuse]." The school never had trouble obtaining the required state or local licenses, although authorities now believe the child abuse began at least ten years ago. It was not until last September, when a mother told local police that her two-year-old child had been molested, that the school came under suspicion.

McMartin's grandson Raymond Buckley, 25, was arrested in connection with that incident, but was later freed for lack of evidence. The arrest sparked a wider investigation, and in November the school shut down. Twenty-five families have filed civil suits against the nursery, some asking more than \$1 million in damages. "Virginia McMartin was a sweet little old lady," said an incredulous father, whose three-year-old son and seven-year-old daughter were, in his words, "brutalized" at the center. "We thought it was the best place for our children." ■

Modern Times

New Ms. in Ole Miss

On Jan. 6, 1920, Governor Theodore G. Bilbo urged the Mississippi legislature to ratify the 19th Amendment to the Constitution, giving women the right to vote. Departing from his usual bilious bigotry, Bilbo requested "recognition to the intelligence, sweetness, character, ability and worth of the fair womanhood of Mississippi." But the legislators, reluctant to enfranchise black women also, voted no.

Last week, by a unanimous senate vote, Mississippi became the final state to ratify the 19th Amendment. The action came a mere 64 years after it became the law of the land. When State Senator Howard Dyer called the resolution up for a vote, he rivaled the condescending chivalry of Bilbo. The measure, drawn by Dyer, was drafted by "some lady legislators who take great pride in the fact that they are authors." ■

World



Challenging the U.S.-backed election: a Salvadoran guerrilla paints the warning "Your Vote Doesn't Count" on a building wall

CENTRAL AMERICA

And Now, the Main Event

Military and congressional tensions rise as El Salvador goes to the polls

From the halls of the U.S. Congress to the mountainous reaches of El Salvador, the battle over the future of Central America became a war of scattered skirmishes last week. In Washington, partisan attacks flew back and forth, centering on the anti-Communist policies of the Reagan Administration. There also were harsh diplomatic exchanges between the nuclear superpowers, each accusing the other of complicity in the region's simmering conflicts, while both Soviet and American warships showed the flag in the Caribbean. In El Salvador, government soldiers and Marxist-led guerrillas played a deadly game of hide-and-seek at a crucial political juncture. In neighboring Honduras, controversy broke out anew over a U.S. military presence that the Reagan Administration describes as temporary but that is potentially a good deal more permanent.

All those signs of tension were side-effects to a long-awaited main event: El Salvador's March 25 presidential elections. After two months of acrimonious campaigning, the U.S.-backed process to choose that battered country's first freely elected President in 50 years drew to an end late last week. As up to 1.7 million voters prepared to trek to the polls, the seven-man race was still considered a toss-up between the controversial front

runners, José Napoleón Duarte, 58, of the center-left Christian Democratic Party (P.D.C.), and Roberto d'Aubuisson, 40, leader of the ultrarightist Nationalist Republican Alliance, known as ARENA. There was a good chance that neither candidate would win the outright majority required for election, and that a runoff vote would be necessary within 30 days after Sunday's results were certified.

As the din of election propaganda faded, the rattle of gunfire in the background grew louder. Both the 30,000-member Salvadoran army and some 10,000 members of the Marxist-led Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.) launched election-eve offensives, each claiming that the tide of the four-year civil war was turning in its favor. Some 4,000 Salvadoran troops fanned out through the country's eastern departments, where the guerrillas are dominant, to harass the rebels and to protect the elections. For their part, the elusive guerrillas launched a countercampaign under such slogans as "No to the Electoral Farce; Yes to the People's War." Despite an F.M.L.N. promise to avoid disrupting the elections, roving guerrilla bands occupied remote towns and set up roadblocks along the country's central Pan American Highway, confiscating from passers-by the national identity cards needed to cast ballots. In the re-

gional center of San Miguel, the rebels managed to destroy an aircraft carrying ballot boxes to local polling places. On Saturday, guerrillas ambushed and killed a contingent of 30 Salvadoran soldiers and national guardsmen 45 miles



D'Aubuisson: the ultraright's beacon
A runoff contest might be necessary.

east of the capital of San Salvador.

For Washington, which spent \$3.4 million to help organize the election and guarantee its fairness, the outcome of the balloting was less important, at least officially, than the fact that the election exercise was finally taking place. But on Capitol Hill, President Reagan and Secretary of State George Shultz were taking less lofty positions as they fought another round in an uphill Senate battle to gain \$178 million in emergency military aid for El Salvador. For weeks the President has claimed that \$93 million of the aid was needed immediately if the Salvadoran army was to defend the electoral process and the country from continuing assault by the F.M.L.N. guerrillas. In harsh tones, Shultz declared that "to delay these funds is to hinder prospects for peace and negotiations, to prolong suffering and to strengthen the hands of our adversaries."

Congressional critics retorted that the \$93 million request was a kind of White House insurance fund against a possible victory by ARENA's D'Aubuisson. If he is elected, the right-wing leader's widely alleged ties with El Salvador's notorious death squads are considered almost certain to doom any further Administration chances for military aid to El Salvador. Finally, a compromise was brokered by Democratic Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii. In return for a reduction of the proposed aid by roughly one-third, to \$62 million, the Senate will vote on the measure this week.

As the aid debate raged, Congress was digesting the accusations of an anonymous former Salvadoran military official implicating high-ranking Salvadorans, including the head of the country's treasury police, Colonel Nicolás Carranza, in death-squad activities. Carranza last week denied additional charges that he



Controversial presence: a U.S. Special Forces adviser training Salvadoran troops in Honduras

was raised by a group of critics of Administration policy, including Robert E. White, a former U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador. White, who has been stumping the U.S. attacking the Administration's Central America policy, lost further credibility while testifying before Congress last week. Landowner Arturo Muyschondt, one of six Salvadorans whom White had publicly charged with masterminding death-squad executions from abroad, confronted the former ambassador in a Senate hearing room. Accompanied by his attorney, Muyschondt denied the accusation and announced he had drafted a \$10 million damage suit against the former diplomat. Said White: "It appears my source may have been in error."

Meanwhile, the State Department and the Kremlin were hurling accusations of a different sort at each other. Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko accused the U.S. of an "act of banditry and piracy" after the Soviet oil tanker *Lugansk* struck a mine off the coast of Nicaragua. The ship slipped into Nicaragua's nearby Puerto Sandino with five injured crewmen aboard. The sabotage was the work of U.S.-backed *contras* who are waging guerrilla war against Nicaragua's Sandinista government.

Choosing their words carefully, the Soviets accused the U.S. of "state-sponsored terrorism," a term favored by the Reagan Administration to describe acts of international subversion.

Moscow's expressions of outrage coincided with a Soviet display of naval strength in the Caribbean. The aging Soviet helicopter cruiser *Leningrad*, accompanied by the modern guided-missile destroyer *Udaloy*, were conducting what Pentagon officials described as antisub-

marine exercises south of Cuba. While the Soviet ships maneuvered, the U.S. Navy was conducting Caribbean exercises of its own. A four-ship American flotilla, led by the aircraft carrier *America*, was later replaced by a five-vessel group that included the guided-missile cruiser *Virginia*. The Soviet exercises may have been a sign that Moscow still has an active interest in the waters of the Western Hemisphere. The U.S. display, coinciding conspicuously with the Salvadoran elections, was a sign that the Administration intended to draw the line against any extension of Soviet influence in Central America.

Even as the deep-water maneuvers were going on, a much smaller and more discreet U.S. military exercise was under way in the rugged terrain of central Honduras. Last week some 250 soldiers from the U.S. 82nd Airborne Division parachuted from U.S. C-130 transports into a drop zone about 40 miles northwest of the capital city of Tegucigalpa. They were joined by 130 Honduran troops, participating for about ten days in what the Pentagon calls an Emergency Deployment Readiness Exercise (EDRE). Their purpose is to prepare troops from the Southern U.S. and Panama for short-notice flights into combat conditions in Central America. Following the EDRE series, a much larger U.S.-Honduran exercise known as Granadero I—the third such exercise in the past two years—will be mounted from April 1 to June 30. As many as 5,000 U.S. troops may be involved, along with troops from neighboring El Salvador, Guatemala and Panama.

More than 1,000 U.S. military personnel are already in Honduras to lay the groundwork for Granadero I. They are part of a new U.S. military establishment.



Duarte: the center-left's hope

had received \$90,000 a year for the past five or six years as a paid informant for the CIA; privately, CIA officials also denied the connection. The anonymous accuser had flatly claimed that ARENA's D'Aubuisson was deeply involved in directing many of the killings.

But then the *New York Times*, which carried the initial accusations, revealed that the informer had been promised \$50,000 as a "security net" if he would speak out. According to the *Times*, the

freely acknowledged by the Pentagon, totaling some 1,750 men and women. Despite Administration assurances, their presence and the existence of new, American-built military installations around Honduras have alarmed some members of Congress. One of the most prominent is Democratic Senator James R. Sasser of Tennessee, who has charged that Honduras is "being turned into an armed camp."

TIME Senior Correspondent Peter Stoler visited several of the U.S.-built installations. Among Stoler's observations:

► The great majority of U.S. personnel in Honduras—about 1,300—are stationed at Palmerola, about 50 miles northwest of Tegucigalpa. They are part of Joint Task Force Alpha, whose primary mission is planning for Granadero I. The task force members are largely support troops, broken down into headquarters, communications, logistics, engineering and military police companies.

► The other major U.S. unit at Palmerola is top secret. The 300-man 224th Military Intelligence Battalion, from Hunter Air Force Base in Savannah, Ga., is separated from the rest of the compound by triple-concertina barbed wire and signs cautioning would-be intruders that sentries are allowed to use "deadly force." The 224th's activities are to fly OV-1B Mohawk and

RU-21J Beechcraft reconnaissance aircraft loaded with surveillance gear over El Salvador and gather information on the movements of F.M.L.N. guerrillas.

► About 160 U.S. Army troops, including more than 100 members of the 7th Special Forces Group from Fort Bragg, N.C., are stationed at a military regional training center near the city of Trujillo on Honduras' northern coast. Last week the Green Berets were putting 600 Honduran corporals through their paces and getting ready to start a tough, twelve-week program for 1,000 members of El Salvador's newly created Bracamonte Battalion.

► Some U.S.-built facilities have already fallen into disuse. One of them is a training facility at San Lorenzo on the Gulf of Fonseca, which separates Nicaragua and El Salvador. Temporary barracks built for U.S. personnel are being sold to the Honduran army, and a 7,500-foot dirt airfield is channeled with deep ruts that would almost, but not quite, prevent a C-130 transport from making a bumpy landing. Despite that handicap, according to one military source, Honduran airfields are adequate to bring the entire 15,000-man complement of the 82nd Airborne into the country in the space of a single afternoon.

The controversy over U.S. military activity in Honduras may soon include an-

other air-sea exercise, involving some 30,000 American military personnel. The Pentagon last week confirmed plans for a massive training maneuver, known as "Ocean Venture 84," scheduled to take place between April 20 and May 6. Designed to test U.S. units in rapid deployment, Ocean Venture will stretch from the Caribbean to the Gulf of Mexico, the Straits of Florida and the U.S. Atlantic Coast. Units including the 82nd Airborne, the 26th Marine Amphibious Unit and some 250 Strategic Air Command and Tactical Air Command aircraft will take part in the operation. Among their activities will be amphibious landings and air assault operations on the Caribbean island of Vieques, site of a U.S. naval facility next door to Puerto Rico.

According to the Defense Department, the purpose of Ocean Venture is to "enhance the perception of the capability of the U.S. to project military power," especially by "supporting our friendly neighbors in the Caribbean basin." That seemed to be the Reagan Administration's way of restating a familiar theme: if the alternative to democratic procedures is to be the use of force, the U.S. has plenty.

—By George Russell, Reported by Ricardo Chavira/San Salvador and Johanna McGeary/Washington

Nora and the Dog

Nora Astorga seemed perfectly cast as the Mata Hari of the Sandinista revolution, and she played the game of seduction and betrayal with deadly ease. First, she caught the roving eye of General Reynaldo ("the Dog") Pérez Vega, second ranking officer in Nicaragua's notorious National Guard. Then, one night in March 1978, Astorga lured the smitten general to her home. After sending his bodyguard off to buy rum, she drew Pérez into her bedroom and disarmed him. The general undoubtedly thought he was in for a special night, he was. At that moment, five of Astorga's accomplices jumped out of hiding and slit Pérez's throat from ear to ear. Her mission accomplished, Astorga donned guerrilla fatigues and openly joined the revolution. She left behind a brazen message: "I want it to be known that I participated in the operation of bringing to justice the bloody henchman."

That daring crime earned Astorga, 37, a permanent niche in the Sandinista pantheon of heroes. But it has hardly endeared her to Reagan Administration officials, who must decide in the coming weeks whether to accept the onetime terrorist as Nicaragua's new Ambassador to the U.S. At a time when relations between the two countries are close to breaking because of American support for anti-Sandinista *contras*, the nomination of Astorga seemed to take Washington by surprise and struck many as a direct challenge to the White House. Said a U.S. State Department representative: "Nicaragua took a real chance sending us someone so notorious."

Normally the nomination of an ambassador follows a dignified routine designed to attract no attention. Once a name is whispered to American officials, the State Department drafts a biography, evaluates the candidate's credentials and then

makes a formal recommendation to the President. If the nominee is acceptable, the U.S. sends an official *agrément* and the appointment is made public. With some exceptions, consent comes without a hitch. But Astorga's nomination was far from typical and had already attracted too much public attention to be reviewed behind closed doors. One Administration spokesman put it mildly: "It's not the usual problem we have. Generally the candidates are too damned dull."

Astorga's remarkable past would be enough to disqualify her in the eyes of many American officials. But what makes her nomination doubly troublesome is that the man she murdered was not just any functionary in the regime of Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle. Apparently Pérez was also a valuable CIA "asset." The intelligence community is thought to have raised objections to Astorga's appointment. But a flat refusal has its risks. Some State Department officials argue that the nomination ought to go through rather than give the Sandinistas a chance to retaliate by declaring newly appointed Ambassador to Nicaragua Harry Bergold *persona non grata*.

Astorga is not as odd a choice for ambassador as she might seem. An attorney, she rose rapidly in the Sandinista junta and worked for a time bringing former Somozista National Guardsmen to justice. Since 1983, she has held the post of Deputy Foreign Minister. Her office adjoins that of Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto Brockmann, and she is thought to have an insider's view of diplomatic moves in Washington and Managua. But Astorga has one qualification that may outweigh all others. She has proved she is totally dedicated to the Sandinista regime and, as such, is not likely to defect, as two of her five predecessors in Washington have done. In any event, most observers agree Astorga would offer Washington a hostess with unusual experience. As one U.S. diplomat wryly observed, "There's a limit to how close I'd get to her."



Astorga: experienced hostess



As street fighting continues, a Shi'ite militiaman pauses in the vicinity of the "green line" separating Christian and Muslim Beirut

MIDDLE EAST

A Region in Search of a Policy

Lebanese talks fail, and Reagan decides against missile sales to Jordan

"Get your sandbags ready," snapped Walid Jumblatt, the volatile leader of Lebanon's Druze community, as he emerged from the elegant lakeside Beau Rivage Hotel in Lausanne, Switzerland. His message was all too clear. After nine days, the latest negotiations to bring about a reconciliation of Lebanon's religious factions had ended in failure, and a return to warfare seemed inevitable.

Hours later, fighting broke out once more in Beirut, not only between Christians and Muslims but also between Druze militiamen and a radical Muslim faction. One of the few accomplishments of the conference had been an agreement on a cease-fire. But in the first seven days after the cease-fire supposedly went into effect, at least 50 people in the Lebanese capital were killed by the shelling.

The breakdown of the Lausanne talks came as U.S. influence in the region seemed to reach a new low. Under pressure from Congress, and angered by criticism from Jordan's King Hussein, President Reagan withdrew a request for Senate approval to sell \$274 million worth of Stinger anti-aircraft missiles and launchers to Jordan and Saudi Arabia. In an interview with a group of TIME editors, Syrian President Hafez Assad became the second Arab leader, after Hussein, to attack U.S. policy in the Middle East and particularly the influence of Jewish voters (see following story).

The fundamental stumbling block at the Lausanne conference was, as always, the division of political spoils in Lebanon.

The country's governmental system is based on the last census, which was taken in 1932, when the Christians still formed a majority. All sides generally agree that the Muslims today constitute about 60% of the country's population of more than 3.5 million, and that the Shi'ite Muslims are the largest single community, with about 40%. Thus the Christians want to hold on to the power they have, and the Muslim and Druze opposition groups want to modify the political system in or-

der the Syrian-backed National Salvation Front last year but broke with that group in the course of the recent conference.

Among the opposition delegates, Shi'ite Leader Nabih Berri, Sunni Leader Rashid Karami and Jumblatt all supported the retention of a unified system for Lebanon but called for a diminution of Christian power. They accepted reluctantly the proposition that the presidency should remain in Maronite hands, but they wanted the powers of the job trimmed. One proposal was that the Prime Minister, traditionally a Sunni Muslim, should be given more authority, including the right to veto top-level appointments in the army and civil service. Since the post of army commander has customarily gone to a Maronite, the Christian delegates were horrified by the proposal, arguing that it would heighten Christian insecurities.

Almost in desperation, on the last day the delegates agreed to a further separation of the various militias and to a withdrawal of heavy weapons from the Beirut area. They also agreed to the formation of a security commission, to be headed by President Amin Gemayel, that will be charged with maintaining the cease-fire. Perhaps most important, they voted to establish a 32-member commission to prepare for the drafting of a new Lebanese constitution within six months. Considering the condition of the country, that was a tall order. "Maybe everyone will be back here in six months," mused one delegate, "but a lot more blood will have been spilled in that time."



Jumblatt and Gemayel leave the Lausanne meeting

der to gain a larger say in the government.

Two of the Maronite Christian leaders, former President Camille Chamoun, 83, and Pierre Gemayel, 79, father of the current President, offered plans that would have created separate and independently administered Christian and Muslim "cantons," while leaving the presidency and other important posts in Christian hands. They were joined by another former Maronite President, Suleiman Franjeh, 73, who had helped found

"Relations Cannot Be Normal"

King Hussein had spent the day on military exercises and still wore dark green battle fatigues and a side arm in a holster when he received TIME Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald, TIME Managing Editor Ray Cave and Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan in Amman last week. Excerpts from the conversation:

On U.S. policy. It is not a question of President Reagan, whom I respect very much. I believe he is committed to peace. But the whole scene in Washington has changed so much. The influence of Israel on the Congress is tremendous. I don't know how this serves U.S. national interests. It is a real tragedy. If I had known that the President was going to have to go before the [United Jewish Appeal] to appeal to them to help to get us the Stingers, I would not have sought it for the President.

If the American elections are so important, and the American constituency is so important, can't people realize that we have a constituency as well? And that [pro-Israeli moves by the U.S.] are at the expense of our credit, which is diminishing by being your friends? Until a more balanced attitude prevails in the U.S., conditioned by American national interests in the region, relations between the U.S. and the Arab world cannot be normal.

On pressure to move the U.S. embassy to Jerusalem. Why did this issue come out now, and at the initiative of the U.S. Congress and not the government of Israel? This is the sad situation we're in: Israel can receive arms, grants, help and all other kinds of assistance without question. Israel has a right to veto anything the U.S. decides to do for any of its Arab friends.

There is a double standard in all of this. Consider your stand on the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Why are the guerrillas there seen as "mujahedin" [or freedom fighters] while here the Palestinians are seen [by the U.S.] as "terrorists" who have no rights? And the settlements. They were first described [by the U.S.] as "illegal," later as an "obstacle," now as an "impediment." Shortly they will be just an "eyesore."

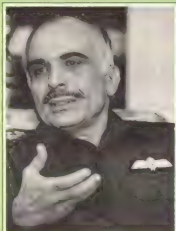
On the Palestine Liberation Organization. My talks with [P.L.O. Chairman Yasser] Arafat have been constructive. I am going to try to influence the P.L.O. to continue along a path that could lead to a situation where both of us would contribute to the cause of peace in the region and alleviate the tremendous pressure on the people under occupation and free the land. Whether we are willing to negotiate or not, when we look at Israel's West Bank settlements, we see a deadlocked, impossible situation.

On Lebanon and Syria. I believe that what happened in Lebanon threatens Syria, which is composed of elements similar to those of Lebanon. Jordan is anxious not to fall victim to the process of fragmentation in the region. Our independence, our Arab character and identity as a people are at stake.

In 1970 we had a Syrian invasion of this country. In 1980 we almost had an invasion. A small incident could have triggered a major war. It could happen again.

On the Soviets. The U.S. is in a position to launch peace initiatives in the Middle East, the Soviet Union is not. But the Soviet Union can block progress on any peace initiative from which it is excluded. So why not involve the Russians and call their bluff?

On the growth of Islamic fundamentalism. I think it is a direct reaction to the many insults and frustrations that people have suffered in this area. It is dangerous when it is controlled from outside. I think a person's belief is a great strength, but it is also a very vulnerable point. I do not think that what we have seen arise in this area has anything to do with religion or faith. It is something I cannot stand for. It is unjustified; it has nothing to do with religion.



King Hussein during interview in Amman

The Syrians, who sponsored the conference, were deeply disappointed by its failure. Declaring that "Lebanon's salvation starts with bringing the country out of the sectarian quagmire," the Syrian government newspaper, *Tishrin*, asked whether the country's leaders "will learn this lesson, or have they become so insensitive that only cauterization will work for them?" Having supported President Gemayel during the conference, the Syrians privately blamed the Christian "godfathers," Chamoun, Franjeh and Pierre Gemayel, for the breakdown.

One remarkable aspect of Lebanon's present plight is that for the first time in decades the U.S. is playing practically no role in trying to solve the country's problems. But the vacuum is troubling to many of Washington's traditional Arab allies, notably King Hussein. Earlier this year, Jordan drafted a United Nations resolution critical of Israeli West Bank settlements, with a text based entirely on previous U.S. statements on the subject. When the Jordanians asked the Reagan Administration to sponsor the resolution in the Security Council, or at least not to veto it, the U.S. refused.

More recently, King Hussein has been upset by the efforts of Congress to move the U.S. embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. He was angered by the public debate in the U.S. over the proposed sale of the Stinger missiles to Jordan and Saudi Arabia. Two weeks ago, when President Reagan explained to a United Jewish Appeal audience in Washington why he believed such a sale was necessary, Hussein blew up. What many Americans saw as a bold step by Reagan in an election year seemed humiliating to Hussein. At this point, as the King told TIME editors and correspondents last week (see box), private protest seemed futile and he decided to go public. At the same time, his American-born wife, Queen Noor, who was already touring the U.S., began making speeches on her husband's behalf. In Washington last week, she declared that U.S. ideals are being eroded by "an intransigent Israeli will."

The Administration reacted defensively to the criticism. Secretary of State George Shultz argued that the King's criticism had made congressional approval of the Stinger missile sale "extremely difficult." And sure enough, when faced with the fact that at least 55 Senators were known to be opposed to the sale, the White House withdrew its request. To some degree, the Stinger debacle hurt the Jordanians, though they were considering other options, including the purchase of similar weapons from France or the Soviet Union. What suffered most, amid the sense of spiraling failure of American interests in the Arab Middle East, was the ability of the U.S. to influence events in a vital region of the world. —By William E. Smith, Reported by John Borrell/Lussanne and Barrett Seaman/Washington



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An Interview with President Assad

"All we wish is to see the U.S. play its role in a fair and responsible way"

Less than two years ago, during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, Syria's air force was decimated and its army routed. Today, thanks to massive rearmament by the Soviet Union, a faltering U.S. foreign policy and above all the adroit leadership of President Hafez Assad, Syria has emerged as the leading powerbroker in the Middle East. Having forced Lebanon to renounce its U.S.-sponsored agreement with Israel, Assad not only scored a major diplomatic triumph but established himself as the man to see for a Middle East settlement. This is even if, in trying to stabilize Lebanon, he may have overreached himself, as the breakup in the reconciliation talks last week suggests.

After suffering a serious heart ailment in November, Assad, 53, has slowly eased back into a normal working day. Three weeks ago he reshuffled his Cabinet, a move that some analysts interpreted as an attempt to balance power among potential successors. Though slightly wan, he remains forceful and engaging. In his modest office in Damascus last week, the Syrian President received *Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald*, *TIME Managing Editor Ray Cave* and *Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan* for the first interview he has granted a U.S. publication since the suicidal bombing of the Marine headquarters in Beirut last October. He insisted that Syrian forces will not withdraw from Lebanon until asked to do so by a new Lebanese government of reconciliation (which, of course, would have to be dominated by Syria). He clearly still wants American involvement in the region, though mostly to restrain Israel. His recent success does not seem to have made him any more flexible. In tough and uncompromising language, Assad described U.S. policy as totally at odds with reality and hostage of the pro-Israel lobby in America. His remarks, including his scathing comments about U.S. politicians and voters, may shock many Americans, but they aptly illustrate why the problems in the Middle East are so intractable. Excerpts:

Q. Mr. President, is there a role for the U.S. to play in the Middle East? If so, what should that role be?

A. Certainly there is a role for the U.S. to play in the area. There is also one for the Soviet Union. No reasonable man can ignore the roles of these two superpowers. All that we wish is to see the U.S. play its role in a fair, unbiased and responsible way in accordance with its responsibilities as a superpower. We say this because we always perceive a continued and complete bias by the U.S. toward Israel. This bias, from our point of view, contradicts the in-



terests of American citizens and does not serve the cause of peace.

Needless to say, there are tens, even hundreds of examples to prove this. It is enough to say that the U.S. gives Israel about \$3 billion a year. This means that each Israeli gets \$1,000 a year from the pockets of American citizens. Now you should know that in 90% of Third World countries, per capita income is much less than this figure. Moreover, we have to take into consideration that a big part of this money is in the form of sophisticated weapons which in turn are used to kill our citizens and to occupy our land.

Q. U.S. aid to Israel is bigger now than it was in 1975. Have you and other Arab leaders not asked yourselves why this aid increased and why you have not really affected American public opinion?

A. We have asked ourselves this question many times. One of the main reasons is that we do not have voters in the U.S. to elect a President. However, there have been American Presidents who have dealt with Middle East problems in the light of American interests rather than in the light of Israeli interests as imposed by the Zionist lobby in the U.S. Everybody remembers President Eisenhower and credits him with such a stand.

When I say that the main reason is Jewish votes that presidential candidates endeavor to win, this does not mean that I can justify the attitude of American Administrations. Candidates anywhere in the world conduct campaigns on the basis of the interests of the whole country and not just the interests of a certain group, especially when such a group works for the sake of another country and at the expense of the interests of its own. Nobody is un-

aware of the fact that the Zionist lobby in the U.S. works foremost for Israel and not for the interests of the U.S. Therefore, an American President who heeds the ambitions of such a group is not primarily concerned with the interests of the U.S.

Q. But if you had recognized Israel as a fact, would you not have had a greater influence on American opinion?

A. Why are we asked to give everything? Why not stop the flow of billions of dollars to Israel? Why not stop shipments of American weapons to Israel? Why is it not required to tell the American Jew that he should only be an American Jew, in the same way as an American Christian is only that, an American Muslim only that? Our view is that the American, whether he is Jewish, Christian or Muslim, should be an American. Only then will the U.S. have an objective view [of the Middle East] and work for genuine peace.

Peace is not mere words. Peace is not wishful thinking. It has a tangible foundation. Had the U.S. really wanted to bring about peace, it would not have given such tremendous aid to Israel, because this has tipped the balance in the area. Do you believe that peace can be achieved while Israel continues to behave like a big power in the region? Any such belief is lacking in logic and objectivity.

Let us look at what happened following the Camp David accords. Egypt represented at least half the Arab force facing Israel. The U.S. always claimed that it supplied Israel with weapons and money in order to strike a balance between Israel and the Arab forces. After the departure of Egypt from the Arab ranks following the Camp David accords, the U.S. was supposed to cut its aid to Israel, and Israeli military forces were supposed to be cut down as well. Instead, the opposite happened. We Arabs lost at least half of our force, and yet American aid to Israel even increased. So, how can we say that this served the purpose of peace?

After the war in Lebanon, I received a delegation from the American Congress, and in discussing aid with them I said, "You offer us only talk about peace, and while you talk to us about peace you will be debating in Congress a few days from now [proposals] for military and economic aid to Israel estimated at billions of dollars. Don't you see that your talk is unbalanced, if on the one hand you offer us nice words about peace but on the other hand you offer the Israelis tanks, artillery, aircraft and dollars? Where is the logic in all this?"

Q. Perhaps you overestimate the power of what you call the Zionist lobby? There is also



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genuine sympathy for Israel among the general public.

A. I totally disagree. It is not a question of sympathy. The question is one of an organized Jewish force within the Zionist movement that dictates its views through the main centers of the media and through financial institutions. It is not a question of sentiment, but one of material effectiveness. I find it strange that American citizens might sympathize with a state that bombards Beirut indiscriminately, using American aircraft, and yet might not sympathize with millions of displaced persons living in camps. If I am to accept this theory of sympathy, then I will have to change my view of American citizens, which I do not want to do.

Q. Now that the U.S. and Israel have failed in Lebanon, Syria carries a heavy responsibility in that country. Is there a chance for a new start to solve existing problems, particularly between Syria and Israel, the two key countries in the area?

A. We have always sought to achieve peace in the area. We agreed in 1973 to United Nations Security Council Resolution 338 [which asks that negotiations begin in order to establish a "just and durable" peace in the region] and to arrangements adopted by the U.N. that called for an International Peace Conference. However, we found that all this was in conflict with Israel's ambitions.

In the light of our experience, Israel has not sought peace based on justice and the aspirations of those who have been wronged in the area. Israel is greedy for the lands of others. Israel wants to act as a big power in an area under its hegemony. The tremendous help given by the U.S. to Israel enhances this spirit and greed.

Without this help, Israel would not have been able to expand in Arab territories. Without it, the experience of these long years would have motivated the Israelis themselves to put an end to their illegitimate ambitions.

We want a peace that will restore our rights and put an end to Israeli expansionism. In this context we have supported appeals and proposals calling for an international conference under the auspices of the U.N. We are sorry to say that American attempts made from time to time under the title of "Search for Peace" have not, in most cases, been those of a superpower with special responsibilities in our world. They have, rather, been attempts that in fact were Israeli proposals. We pointed this out frankly to the American officials who conveyed these proposals to us.

Q. Let us suppose that such a conference were convened. How would you envision the Middle East after such a meeting, including the role of Israel?

A. It is difficult to draw a detailed picture. However, we envision the Middle East as a region in which peace prevails, rights are restored to each party in the light of

U.N. resolutions and where no feeling of injustice remains with anybody. This is how we envision it.

Q. Can recognition of Israel be a subject of discussion in such a conference?

A. When we talk of a peace conference



convened in accordance with U.N. resolutions, then each party puts forward what it thinks is included in these resolutions. You know that the Israelis have always said there should be no preconditions. Your question represents a precondition.

Q. What is the next Syrian move in Lebanon? Can there be a simultaneous withdrawal of Syrian and Israeli troops? Will Syria withdraw from Lebanon if asked to do so by a government of national reconciliation?

A. Lebanese reconciliation is the only way. This has remained true despite continued fighting for many years and despite Israel's invasion. We emphasized this in 1976. We re-emphasize it now and are endeavoring to bring it about. Our attitude recently in Lausanne is quite clear. It is true that the Lausanne conference did not succeed to the extent that we or the Lebanese parties hoped, but there was maximum cooperation on our part. We cooperated fully with the Lebanese President, and the Syrian representative made hectic efforts at the bilateral and trilateral level. We will continue to work for reconciliation, especially as the Lebanese parties are now convinced that there is no alternative.

Our position with regard to a government of national unity is one of full support. When such a government is formed, we will respond to its requests because it will be representative of the Lebanese people. Such a government will stand side by side with Syria to expel Israel from Lebanon unconditionally.

The Syrians and the Lebanese are one people, their past is one and the same, their history is one and their future is one and the same. At the same time we are

two independent states. What is there in common between Israel and Lebanon? Israel is an invading force in Lebanon, while we defended Lebanon against Israel. So where is the logic in any attempt to link the Syrian presence to the Israeli presence or to link Syrian withdrawal to Israeli withdrawal? That is why we say our position is clear. We will never accept any linkage between Syrian and Israeli withdrawal. But when a government of national unity is formed as a result of the desire of the Lebanese government, we will meet its request to withdraw unreluctantly, and this could be within a month or within days or months.

Q. The differences in Lebanon are deep and bitter. Have you not perhaps bitten off more than you can chew?

A. No. The people of Lebanon are our people. The U.S. may have bitten off more than it could chew, even if it is a superpower. The reason is that the U.S. and Lebanon do not form one people. The Arabs can solve their own problems because of their common history. More than anyone else, we want to see Lebanon united, stable and strong.

Q. There is concern in the U.S. and other countries about state-supported terrorism, such as the attack on the U.S. Marine headquarters in Beirut. It is said that this attack would not have been possible without Syrian negligence or even Syrian approval. What is your comment?

A. Are there no terrorist acts that take place in the U.S.? If we accept your logic, then we have to conclude that somehow these acts were arranged or condoned by the U.S. government. If foreign missions [in the U.S.] are attacked, are we to hold the U.S. responsible? We have had terrorist acts committed in recent years in Syria. Are we to say that the Syrian government was behind them? Why are we to be held responsible for an act that took place in Beirut when we have no presence in Beirut? Some American officials have made such accusations, but I doubt that they believe what they say. I told one of them that if we failed to prevent such acts in areas under our control, why did the Lebanese Army then fail to prevent those who carried out these acts from passing through areas under its control? And why did the other Lebanese forces also fail to prevent them from crossing their areas? Why did the American forces fail? In other words, all those who failed are not responsible except for Syria. There is no logic in this.

Q. Did King Hussein learn from you when he made his recent remarks about the U.S.?

A. [He laughs.] I wish he did learn. We are facing a very serious situation. Israel wants our land, wants Jordan and wants Saudi Arabia. Facing such a situation we are bound to learn, and that guarantees that King Hussein as well as others will also learn.

Tense Vigil

Early elections in Israel

As voting time drew near, the debate within the Knesset assumed the proportions of melodrama. Would one member return in time from Argentina? Would former Prime Minister Menachem Begin, who had not been seen in public since he resigned last September, show up to cast the deciding ballot and thus bail out his successor, Yitzhak Shamir? In the end, it did not matter: The Knesset approved the opposition Labor Party's call for early elections, 61 to 58. Though the bill must survive three more votes, the balloting last week all but guaranteed that voters will go to the polls between late May and November, probably in July. For the Likud coalition government of Shamir, which wanted the elections held during the deadline month of November 1985, the decision was a stinging defeat.

The move has been building since the annual inflation rate approached 300% in February. It gathered steam on Monday, when the leader of the tiny Tami Party, whose three members belong to the Likud coalition, called for early elections. The sudden about-face was partly attributed in some quarters to pressure from Nissim Gaon, a Swiss-Jewish multimillionaire and Tami benefactor. After Nigeria failed to pay him hundreds of millions of dollars for a chain of luxury hotels he was building, Gaon reportedly asked Shamir's government to allow Israeli banks in Switzerland to give him loan guarantees. When Finance Minister Yigal Cohen-Orgad refused, Gaon urged Tami Leader Aharon Abuhatzira to call for new elections. Gaon, who co-founded the Tami Party in 1981, vigorously denied any interference.

In its once count of Knesset votes, the Labor Party assumed that Likud Maverick Dror Zeigerman, on a fact-finding mission to Argentina, would be absent; if Zeigerman returned and Begin voted, the Likud would be able to defeat the bill. On Wednesday evening, however, word reached Jerusalem that Zeigerman was flying home. As the Knesset prepared to vote, photographers clustered at Ben Gurion International Airport awaiting Flight 332 with Zeigerman aboard, while another clutch of reporters stood vigilant outside Begin's house.

Zeigerman arrived in time to cast his ballot with the Likud, but Begin never emerged. As it turned out, his presence would not have helped: another Likud member defected and gave Labor its majority. Recent polls indicate that Labor, headed by Shimon Peres, would handily defeat Shamir's Likud bloc if voting were held now. When the election date is finally set, the campaign promises to be as fierce as any Israel has seen.



Book of Souvenirs: Khomeini and a blood spot

THE GULF

Children's Lit

Pages from a primer for war

The body lying in a marsh outside the Iraqi village of Al Beida was badly decomposed, but the swollen face appeared to be that of a youth. The Iranian soldier had apparently died of a head wound suffered in the battle to keep Al Beida, now little more than a ghost town of rubble, from slipping back into Iraqi hands. He would have remained an unknown casualty of an equally unknown skirmish in the Persian Gulf war, if the Iraqi information officer who was leading foreign journalists on a tour of the front had not stopped to pick up a 6½-in. by 4½-in. book found with the dead soldier. He then handed it to Iranian-born Journalist Hélène Kafé. A name was scrawled inside the volume in boyish Persian script: Abbas Shahverdi.

The signature offered a poignant reminder that during the 42 months that Iran and Iraq have waged war for control of the strategically vital Strait of Hormuz, an estimated 100,000 soldiers as young as Abbas Shahverdi have fallen in battle. With characteristic zeal, propaganda ministries in Tehran and Baghdad continued last week to churn out the usual contradictory news bulletins of air strikes, casualty figures, shellings and border skirmishes lost and won.

Iraqi aircraft attacked Iranian forces, which clung tenaciously to Majnoon oilfield. At week's end military officials in Baghdad claimed that Iraqi forces had also destroyed four oil tankers and commercial ships near Kharg Island, the major terminal for Iran's oil exports. Along the border near Basra, Iraq's second-largest city, troops loyal to the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini massed for yet another offensive. Iraq appeared to have lost a bit of its much

vaunted technological edge with the news that one of the five Super Etendard fighter-bombers it had bought from France had been damaged in a training flight. But for the moment the mass carnage appeared to subside. Still, the end of the fratricidal bloodletting was not in sight.

The mud-spattered book that was found with the body of the soldier offered a revealing glimpse of the fanaticism that has kept the war at its fevered pitch. The 193-page battlefront primer, titled *Book of Souvenirs: Propaganda for the Front and for the War* is the work of the Ayatollah's Revolutionary Guards and was intended to embolden the young volunteers in suicidal human-wave attacks. The bottom corner of each page of the book bears a printed blood-red splotch, symbolizing glorious martyrdom. There are photographs showing the Ayatollah in the midst of adoring Iranian masses, and crude political cartoons depicting a crumbling Star of David or a malevolent Menachem Begin loading a cannon with shells provided by Iraqi President Saddam Hussein. A message emblazoned on the back cover reads: WHY DO WE WANT TO LIBERATE JERUSALEM? WE CAN DO IT THROUGH THE LIBERATION OF IRAQ AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BAATH PARTY.

The theme of Holy War pervades the entire text. One prayer (or is it tactical advice?) offered on behalf of the Iranian forces begins: "At the moment when our soldiers attack the heart of the enemy, make them forget their lives, so they will no longer be attached to its illusions." The soldiers are encouraged, instead, to look forward to paradise and the rivers flowing with milk and honey, the rewards of wine and fruits, the angels clothed in blue and the voluptuous maidens that await them there. Another prayer calls upon God to yank out the "ferocious fingernails" of the enemy and "torment them so much that they can no longer dare to attack our families, violate and invade us." Predictably, the propaganda primer has nothing good to say about the U.S.: "The real leaders of America are Zionists," concludes one passage of invective. "We understand that Zionists are the manifest Satans of our epoch."

Iranian soldiers are encouraged to jot down their impressions of the battlefield. On blank pages with ruled lines, sample questions are provided: "How do I feel about my slain comrades?" "What do I feel about my family?" "How do I feel about the spontaneous efforts of the Islamic people?" Apparently Abbas Shahverdi had little time or desire to reflect on the horrors of the desert war. Under a quotation attributed to the Prophet Muhammad that reads, "Those who ask God for nothing, anger God," the young soldier wrote his sole entry: "a soft drink." This was his only legacy for the thousands of zealous child volunteers shown on Iranian television last week, leaving by the truckload to join in the next offensive.



Shamir

World

FRANCE

Hail the Beleaguered Hero

Washington effusively embraces an embattled Mitterrand

From the moment François Mitterrand stepped off the Concorde in Washington last week, he was accorded a hero's welcome. A booming 21-gun salute and brassy rendition of *La Marseillaise* greeted the French President on the White House lawn. He was invited to address Congress, a conspicuous honor for a visiting head of state. At a sparkling state dinner, with Ronald Reagan as host, he was feted in the company of such luminaries as Actor James Stewart and Novelist William Styron. Throughout it all, the warm words flowed like champagne. Calling his country "a constant ally that can be counted on," Mitterrand described the U.S. and France as "brothers in arms, who from Yorktown all the way through the ages to Beirut have shed their blood together."

For a deeply conservative U.S. President and a Socialist French leader with four Communists in his Cabinet to have anything good to say about each other is remarkable enough. The amiable, easygoing Reagan and the aloof, intellectual Mitterrand, moreover, could hardly be more different. Yet the Franco-American alliance is at its rosiest since Charles de Gaulle returned to power in 1958. "We have never seen relations so good," says a top State Department official.

Washington is especially pleased by Mitterrand's foreign policy. A staunch advocate of the Atlantic Alliance, the French President strongly supported the deployment of new U.S. missiles on European soil. He contributed 2,000 men to the Multi-National Force in Beirut (the last to depart, the French plan to withdraw this week) and dispatched some 3,000 troops to halt a Libyan-backed rebellion in Chad. The only major disagreement is on U.S. policy in Central America, which Mitterrand implicitly criticized during his speech to Congress. "Civil wars are not triggered by external influence alone, even if they may serve foreign interests," he said, alluding to Reagan's contention that the Soviet Union is behind the region's turmoil.

East-West relations dominated the private talks at the White House. Arguing that Moscow now realizes that it cannot drive a wedge between the U.S. and Europe, Mitterrand urged Reagan to look for a "signal" that could lead to a dialogue with the Soviets. Reagan and Soviet Leader Konstantin Chernenko have exchanged letters over the past few weeks, but the polite missives have broken no new ground. Said a senior Administration official: "Thus far the Soviets have given no indica-

tion they are willing to resume talks."

The White House sessions, which lasted four hours, touched upon a menu of issues, including French complaints about high exchange rates and the burgeoning U.S. deficit. Despite the language barrier, the two men got along well, exchanging cheerful banter while photographers clicked away. As bulbs flashed, Mitterrand noted wryly to Reagan that "George Washington faced a much quieter life."



Mitterrand and Reagan during welcoming ceremonies
Celebrating the rosiest relations in a quarter-century.

For Mitterrand, the eight-day visit came as a welcome break from headaches at home. Nearly three years into his seven-year term, he is the least popular French President in a quarter-century, with an approval rating in opinion polls of only 32%. Inflation chugs along at 9%, while unemployment, which stood at 6.4% when Mitterrand took office, is now 9.3%, leaving more than 2.1 million Frenchmen jobless. Over the past few months, Mitterrand has been bedeviled by protest marches and strikes by groups ranging from truckers to coal miners to civil servants.

Mitterrand's troubles can be traced to the economic austerity program he launched in 1982. During his first year in office, the Socialist President nationalized a flock of industries and tried to spend the country out of recession, but a sagging

franc and surging inflation persuaded Mitterrand to return to the more cautious policies of his conservative predecessor, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Under the direction of Finance Minister Jacques Delors, the Socialist government experimented with wage and price controls, cut spending and instituted an ambitious "industrial restructuring" that could cover the next four years lead to the layoff of 50,000 workers in unprofitable industries like steel and coal mining. Over the longer run, Mitterrand's aides fret, the government will be forced to sustain its belt tightening until the parliamentary elections scheduled for mid-1986, when the Socialists may pay dearly at the polls for what critics have dubbed "Thatcherism à la gourdmandise."

The harsh economic measures overshadow Mitterrand's other accomplishments. The French admire his muscular foreign policy as much as Washington does. In the deluge of reform legislation passed during his first year, Mitterrand abolished the death penalty and raised the minimum wage. In his assault on France's centralized rule, his government has chipped away Paris' stranglehold on the rest of the country.

Before leaving for Washington last week, Mitterrand tried valiantly to resolve differences among his fellow leaders of the ten-member European Community. He put together a carefully crafted compromise for a two-day E.C. summit meeting in Brussels, only to see his plan fall apart at the last minute. The impasse came over British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's demand for a refund on her country's outside contribution to the Community's budget. Though Thatcher cut her demand to \$1.12 billion and Mitterrand sweetened his offer to \$935 million, the gap could not be bridged. Thatcher, grumbled Italian Prime Minister Bettino Craxi, "used to be the Iron Lady. Now she is Mme. Nyet."

Throughout the squabbling, however, Mitterrand received high marks from the others, including Thatcher. During the two months before the Brussels meeting, he had flown to each of the nine capitals and met with Thatcher twice. He pledged last week to renew his shuttle diplomacy, since he hopes to strike a compromise before the next summit in June, when his term as chairman expires. "Europe of the Ten is not dead," he declared at the end of the Brussels meeting. "It has suffered a further blow, but the situation is not desperate. We'll be pressing on." It is the same determination that is admired in Washington and sustains him through adversity at home.

—By James Kelly,
Reported by Jordan Bonfante with Mitterrand
and Johanna McGeary/Washington

World



A disaster in the making: an ore smelter in eastern Canada spews smoke containing sulfur dioxide

DIPLOMACY

The 30% Club

A treaty to curb acid rain

It is believed to be responsible for the slow death of one-third of West Germany's forests, the poisoning of lakes and woods in North America and the contamination of drinking water on both continents. But in part because acid rain is an insidious form of air pollution that is carried long distances before falling as rain and snow, there has been little cooperation between those who create the problem and those who suffer its consequences. That is changing. At a meeting in Ottawa last week, representatives of Canada and nine European nations* signed an agreement to reduce the sulfur dioxide that spews forth from industrial plants, a major cause of acid rain, by at least 30% before 1993. The "30% club," as the group was quickly dubbed, hopes to pressure other nations, principally the U.S., to adopt similar controls. Said Canadian Environment Minister Charles Caccia: "You can't continue to dump on us the garbage that you are producing on your own property."

Acid rain has become a major point of contention between the U.S. and Canada. In February, the Canadian government sent a stiff letter of protest to Washington, accusing the U.S. of ignoring "principles contained in bilateral treaties directed at protecting the North American environment." The Reagan Administration insists that the huge outlays necessary to reduce sulfur-dioxide emissions significantly in the U.S. cannot be justified without further study. The U.S. last year spent \$28.8 million on acid-rain research, and, if Congress approves, that will rise to \$55.5 million this year. By contrast, Budget Director David Stockman puts the cost of eliminating acid rain at \$21 billion, a sum that he has cavalierly

*West Germany, France, Switzerland, Austria, The Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland.

translated as \$6,000 for every fish saved. The Ottawa agreement, said Environmental Protection Agency Official Fitzhugh Green, "may add some heat, but it won't add much light."

Critics of this slow-motion approach warn that a broad-based environmental emergency may already exist. Said Swedish Minister for the Environment Svante Lundkvist: "We know enough to take action now. We must act before it is too late."

If the U.S. is unmoved by the rising chorus from other Western nations, it may find it harder to ignore critics at home. All of the Democratic candidates for President have talked about acid rain in their campaigns. Additional pressure on the White House came last week when six northeastern states—New York, Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island—brought suit in Federal District Court in Washington to force the EPA to enact tougher restrictions on sulfur-dioxide emissions. ■

UNITED NATIONS

Paper Torch

Suspicious fires at UNESCO

If timing is truly everything, a series of fires at the Paris headquarters of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) last week was right on schedule. Relations between the U.N. agency and the U.S. have deteriorated steadily over what the U.S. has felt to be a consistent anti-Western bias on UNESCO's part. Citing waste, mismanagement and abuse of UNESCO's \$374.4 million budget, 25% of which the U.S. provides, President Reagan announced in December that the U.S. would pull out of the agency by the end of this year unless UNESCO's performance changed substantially. To help make a final determination, Congress asked a team of investigators from the General Accounting Office to examine UNESCO's internal operations.

The first blaze started in the archives

area of the concrete-and-glass building and spread quickly through dozens of offices on seven floors, destroying tons of documents and causing some \$640 million in damage. Even as it was being brought under control, several smaller fires broke out in other parts of the building. Those blazes were contained, and there were no injuries. After determining that large quantities of a flammable liquid had been splashed on walls throughout the building and finding several unused crude paper torches, investigators quickly blamed the fires on arsonists. UNESCO Director-General Amadou Mahtar M'Bow of Senegal called for a full investigation of what he termed "a criminal act." Said he: "I am asking everyone to do all they can so that we can find out the reasons for the fire and the identities of the person or persons at the root of this."

Although the authorities had no firm leads, suspicion spread just as quickly as the blazes. Many UNESCO staff members thought that someone inside the organization had hoped to destroy potentially embarrassing documents. Precisely what sort of records was hard to say, given the long list of complaints against the agency. Many Western nations have strenuously objected to its politicization under M'Bow. In 1975 Soviet bloc and Third World nations provoked a walkout by the U.S., Israel and ten other Western nations when they voted to equate Zionism with racism. The same majority has been trying to use UNESCO to muzzle the press through proposed programs such as the licensing of reporters and the establishing of a code of conduct for journalists. Western nations have also accused UNESCO's bloated bureaucracy of preferring the comforts and generous tax-free salaries of Paris to the rigors of the underdeveloped nations they profess to serve.

Yet if last week's fires were designed to eliminate troublesome records, the arsonists apparently failed. According to UNESCO officials, most documents of interest to the GAO investigators and to a separate team of British auditors who were to do a routine check of the agency's books were stored in areas untouched by the flames. Moreover, copies of documents that were destroyed are readily available in departmental offices. ■



A policeman inspecting damaged archives

Politicization, waste and mismanagement

Reach for a world of flavor.

MERIT



The low-tar cigarette
that changed smoking.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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8 mg. tar, 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '83



Mercedes-Benz transferred the design of the best-performing engine in diesel annals from this C-111/3 research vehicle

The Mercedes-Benz 300D Turbodiesel Sedan— and the most successful engine transplant in automotive history.

FIVE CYLINDERS, TURBO-CHARGED, so intent on high performance that its pistons would be constantly cooled by automatic injections of oil—it was a radical new breed of diesel engine that Mercedes-Benz designed.

But instead of racing it into production, the engineers first raced it around the high-speed Nardo circuit in Italy—mounted in the C-111/3 research vehicle shown above.

Circulating for 12 continuous hours at an average of 195-mph, the C-111/3 and its amazing new power plant proceeded to establish nine new world speed and endurance records. No diesel had ever gone this far, this fast before. The C-111/3's fuel mileage for 12 hours at almost 200-mph: 14.7 mpg.

The point had been made—

spectacularly. The performance diesel engine had proven itself so commendably that its design was then transferred to the production line virtually intact. And is now found beneath the hood of the 300D Turbodiesel Sedan for 1984, shown at right.

The result—perhaps not surprisingly—is the best-performing production diesel automobile in America. Generating vivid acceleration and muscular passing power. Cruising ease all but indistinguishable from gasoline-powered cars. And EPA fuel mileage figures of 27 mpg city est. and 33 highway.*

It meanwhile hews to diesel standards of durability and reliability. Shunning conventional tune-ups, for example. And so meticulously engineered for high-performance running

that the strength of its crankshaft is virtually doubled by immersion in a *nitriding* bath.

CHASSIS TO MATCH

The 300D's engine performance is complemented by its over-the-road performance.

Its highly refined, fully independent suspension system means that you can cover ground quickly in this car—even if the ground is marked by chuckholes and sudden curves and other rude surprises. "The 300D's success in striking a balance between ride and comfort," reports one American automotive journal, "is equaled by less than a handful of other cars in the world."

Driving competence is matched by driving pleasure. This is no commonplace luxury sedan but a responsive 1½-ton machine with swift mechanical reflexes. The power-assisted steering system fitted to the 300D feels almost too sure and accurate to *be* power steering; it is designed for minimal interference with vital road "feel." The hydraulically actuated, torque-converter automatic transmission can be shifted through its four speeds like a manual, with a manual-type lever by the driver's side.

3 0 0 D T U R B O D I E S E L



to the 300D Turbodiesel Sedan below—and created the best-performing diesel automobile in America.

The transmission's shifts are quick and crisp, even in the full automatic mode.

58 LBS. OF SUPPORT

The cabin affords civilized accommodation for five adults.

This is a matter of more than trappings and gadgetry; note that the driver's seat is a 58-lb. biomechanical support system, carefully shaped, deeply

padded, meant for comfort over the long haul. (Mercedes-Benz believes in fitting the seats to the occupants, not the occupants to the seats.) The rear bench-type seat is contoured and comfortable. And almost five feet wide.

Scrupulous assembly of doors and windows, combined with fine aerodynamic detailing of the body—and

even the outside mirrors—help keep the 300D almost *eerily* free of wind noise at highway speeds.

The interior is velour-carpeted and trimmed with the hand-finished, selected woods traditional in Mercedes-Benz sedans. Your hours behind the wheel are eased by automatic climate control, electronic AM/FM stereo/radio and cassette player, electronic cruise control, and electric window lifts—all standard. Even an electric sliding sunroof is optional at no extra cost. Note that those gleaming forged light-alloy wheels are also standard features.

The 300D incorporates 120 safety features as standard equipment as well.

PERFORMANCE BEYOND THE ROAD

Proof of the 300D's performance can be found by driving it over any road in America. Its performance in another sphere makes an impressive final note: the 300D is part of a passenger-car line that over the years has shown an average resale value that few makes can match.



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In Lima, police break up leftist union demonstrations

PERU

Stones for a Democracy

The government takes action to quiet opposition protests

Groups of up to 150 people began to gather ominously in the Plaza Dos de Mayo in downtown Lima last Thursday at the headquarters of various left-wing political and union organizers. Over loudspeakers, union leaders exhorted the crowds with revolutionary slogans. Leaflets passed out by the Peruvian Communist Party protested hunger and misery and stated the party's demands for job stability and the control of fuel and food prices. In one shantytown south of the city, small bands of youths flung rocks at bus windows. Almost all of Peru's privately owned buses stayed off the roads, making it difficult for many people to get to work. At least one-third of the work force in 16 cities decided to stay home.

The presence of 8,000 riot-gear-equipped police in Lima made it clear that the government of President Fernando Belaúnde Terry was taking the 24-hour general strike very seriously. Early Thursday morning, police pointed their shotguns at drivers of trucks with space available who tried to ignore workers seeking rides. Youths who were spotted trying to collect rocks or debris were chased, beaten with nightsticks and sometimes shoved into police vans. Jorge del Prado, 73, a senator and leader of the Peruvian Communist Party, was struck in the chest by a tear-gas canister fired at close range. Despite the numerous clashes around the country however, the day's toll was miraculously low: none dead and about 50 injured, few seriously.

Trying to avert the strike, Belaúnde, 72, called for a national three-day suspension of liberties, prohibiting demonstrations and meetings, and gave police broader powers of arrest. This kept disturbances

to a minimum. But perhaps the most important deterrent to a larger strike came three days earlier, when Belaúnde announced the removal of Finance Minister Carlos Rodríguez Pastor. Rodríguez Pastor had engineered an austerity program under which the country was beginning to strain. His replacement, José Benavides Muñoz, was expected to look for economic alternatives, but the strikers remained unimpressed.

Peru's economy began to slide in 1980 under the pressure of a world recession and low prices for the country's copper and lead exports. Belaúnde further undermined the economy by borrowing excessively from other countries and failing to curb money-losing state enterprises. The gross domestic product declined 12% last year, the worst performance in Latin America. Inflation hit 125%, unemployment 8.3% and underemployment 51%. The Peruvian sol declined 130% against the dollar during 1983. The country's for-



President Fernando Belaúnde Terry

eign debt is \$13 billion, about two-thirds of its gross domestic production. Belaúnde put Peru on the austerity program in 1982, but so far he has resisted pressure from the International Monetary Fund for a major devaluation this year, opting instead for minidevaluations almost daily.

Because the rural economy is especially unpromising, jobless Peruvians have been migrating to the capital in frightening numbers. A pleasant colonial-style city of 1.5 million inhabitants 20 years ago, Lima has become a nightmarish sprawl of 6.5 million. The city has grown so fast that suburban slum districts housing 500,000 people are not even included on current maps. Almost 40% of the country's 18 million people are now crowded into the capital. Says Senator Manuel Ulloa Elias, a close adviser to Belaúnde: "For many of these people, there are no jobs, no services, no education. Everything is falling to pieces."

To compound the government's economic problems, a costly hit-and-run war with terrorists has begun to spill down from the Andes. Street crime is so prevalent in Lima these days that women rarely venture outside wearing jewelry and men routinely leave their watches at home. Electricity blackouts, kidnappings and Molotov cocktails are becoming almost commonplace. The terrorist acts began to rise a few months ago, when the *Sendero Luminoso* (Shining Path) guerrillas decided to concentrate their efforts on the capital. Following its emergence as a violent force four years ago, the group, which numbers about 2,000, had been confined largely to the remote, poverty-stricken region of Ayacucho in the high Andes.

Ironically, the government's anti-*Sendero* campaign, which officials claim has killed 1,441 guerrillas since 1980, appears to have forced prominent members of the group into Lima. There the terrorists have found they can cause major havoc and tie up security forces with minimal effort. Their contribution to last Thursday's strike was a series of bombings in at least ten locations around the capital, including banks, a police station, an army barracks and a site near the U.S. embassy. But *Sendero's* spoliatist success so far was a well-coordinated New Year's Eve bomb attack that blacked out all of Lima at midnight.

Sendero's biggest opportunity for mayhem and disruption will come when Belaúnde's successor is selected in a two-stage election next spring. The continuing violence, combined with the economic crisis, threaten to weaken further Belaúnde's center-right Popular Action Party, which was badly defeated by leftists in last November's municipal elections. Yet even with the economy collapsing around him and bombs going off regularly, Belaúnde remains ever optimistic. "I have great faith in the future of Peru," he says. Still, for the architect of Peruvian democracy, his final months in office could be long ones.

—By Laura López, Reported by Gavin Scott and Larry Wiggman/Lima

World

SOUTHERN AFRICA

One More Step Toward Peace

Cuba offers terms for an Angola pullout

Ever since the Reagan Administration began its behind-the-scenes diplomatic efforts in 1981 to secure independence for the predominantly black, South Africa-controlled territory of South West Africa, or Namibia, it has insisted on one key condition: the withdrawal of some 25,000 Cuban troops from neighboring Angola. Last month representatives of the South African and Angolan governments negotiated a historic cease-fire in the smoldering, nearly 18-year-old war along the Angola-Namibia border. This raised new hopes for a breakthrough in the long-stalled negotiations over Namibia. Then last week in Havana, Angola's Marxist President, José Eduardo dos Santos, and Cuba's President, Fidel Castro, unexpectedly issued a joint communiqué setting forth terms for a withdrawal of Cuban troops from Angola.

Though couched in stinging, anti-South African rhetoric, the statement was the strongest signal to date that Castro



Angola's Dos Santos

may be ready to comply with U.S. and South African demands to pull out of Southern Africa. The three major Angolan-Cuban conditions:

► A withdrawal of South African troops from Angola, where until recently they have been waging hit-and-run offensives against the Marxist-oriented guerrillas of the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), Namibia's black liberation movement.

► South African acceptance of U.N. resolutions calling for withdrawal of South African Defense Forces from Namibia and full independence for the territory.

► An end to South African hostilities against the Angolan government and to Pretoria's support for the antigovernment forces of Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA). "The governments of Cuba and Angola," the communiqué went on, "reiterate that they shall restart, on their own decision and exercising their sovereignty, the implementation of the gradual with-

drawal [of Cuban troops] as soon as the conditions are met."

Irked by references to the "disgraceful" and "repugnant" Pretoria regime, South African Foreign Minister Roelof ("Pik") Botha denounced the language of the Havana statement as "unacceptable." Nonetheless, despite the feverish rhetoric, U.S. officials were hopeful. Declared Secretary of State George Shultz: "If the outcome of the Angolan-Cuban talks is progress toward Cuban troop withdrawal, I think that's positive."

Daunting obstacles remain before the Cubans go home. Pretoria is sure to demand ironclad guarantees of a Cuban withdrawal before its own troops leave Namibia. Still, the cease-fire between South Africa and Angola has held, and even South African officials have been impressed by the Angolan determination to end the border war. In recent weeks, troops from both countries have combined forces in a Joint Monitoring Commission (JMC), which has been forced to engage disruptive SWAPO forces on three separate occasions. The JMC toll: two killed and eight wounded, all Angolan. The fact that the Dos Santos government has been willing to let its soldiers fight against SWAPO, once its trusted ally, indicates how seriously it takes its new truce with South Africa. ■

Too Close an Encounter

It was a classic case of ships not quite passing in the night. Darkness had fallen, and the U.S. aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk* was plying the Sea of Japan after taking part in "Forespirit '84" military exercises with South Korean forces. Suddenly, the 80,000-ton conventionally powered vessel seemed to shudder from stem to stern. Something solid had struck it. Crewmen rushed to the starboard side just in time to catch a glimpse of what had hit the ship. A submarine without running lights was sinking off into the black waters.

The next morning helicopters from the aircraft carrier identified the offending vessel as a Soviet nuclear-powered submarine of the *Victor* class. The 5,000-ton craft was limping home on the surface at a speed of 3 knots, under the escort of a Soviet cruiser flying a salvage flag. A telltale dent marked the spot where the submarine had grazed the bottom of the *Kitty Hawk* while trying to pass underneath. That is no easy feat; the huge carrier draws 50 feet of water.

Such superpower cat-and-mouse games are common at sea, but the latest encounter was a bit too close for comfort. Had the submarine come a few inches closer to the surface, there might have been a catastrophic collision. Escort ships following the *Kitty Hawk* had monitored the sub for several days but apparently broke off contact, and the Soviets managed to get to the aircraft carrier undetected. U.S. officials explained that there is little they can do in peacetime to prevent a Soviet vessel from going where it chooses.

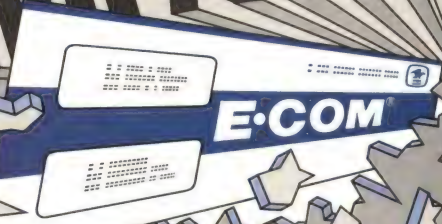
Disaster was narrowly averted on the high seas, but Team Spirit '84 maneuvers on land ended in tragedy when a U.S. Marine CH-53D helicopter slammed into the side of a mountain. The entire crew of 18 U.S. Marines and eleven South Korean marines are believed to have perished in the fiery crash.



Dented *Victor*-class submarine limps homeward

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ALEXANDER Haig

Few American public figures have had such tempestuous careers. Alexander M. Haig Jr. has spent much of his life in war zones—bureaucratic and geopolitical, as well as the kind for which he prepared in the U.S. Military Academy at West Point; Viet Nam, where he served as a battalion and brigade commander; as the indispensable aide-de-camp to National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger; as White House Chief of Staff during the climax of Watergate; and, after Richard Nixon's presidency fell, as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, with the rank of four-star general. But it was during his tenure as Ronald Reagan's Secretary of State that Haig found himself most embattled. From his stormy confirmation hearings in January 1981 until his resignation not quite 18 months later, he was almost constantly fighting, and on two fronts at once: against his colleagues in the Administration and against the Soviet Union and its clients in the Third World. In the end, Haig was defeated in the intramural struggle and frustrated in the global one. He lost Reagan's confidence and support, and he left his successor, George Shultz, with a daunting agenda of unfinished business. In the eyes of his critics, Haig's defeat was self-inflicted: the soldier in him got the better of the statesman; he did not know when to stop fighting and seek conciliation; he was too obsessed with his enemies, however real; he spent too much time defending turf and proclaiming his prerogatives; and he was sometimes a poor conceptual thinker.

Haig sees it quite differently. His memoir is not just a defense of his record as Secretary of State, but a blistering counterattack against those former colleagues he blames for bringing him down and for thwarting his policies. *Caveat: Realism, Reagan and Foreign Policy*, to be published shortly (Macmillan; 384 pages; \$17.95), takes its title from the Latin for "warning." The word underscores Haig's argument that the experience of the past three years offers a cautionary

lesson in how *not* to conduct American foreign policy.

On the following pages, TIME presents the first of two excerpts from *Caveat*, carrying Haig from his initial meetings with Reagan and his early adoption of a tough stance toward the Soviet Union, particularly for its mischief by proxy in Central America, through his controversial conduct on the day President Reagan was wounded in an assassination attempt. The principal villains of the piece are Edwin Meese, the longtime Reagan aide who has served as Counsellor to the President and is now Reagan's nominee for Attorney General; James Baker and Michael Deaver, who together manage the White House staff and channel advice to the President; and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. While Haig starkly portrays the President's men as amateurs in foreign policy who care only about its short-term domestic political implications, he praises Ronald Reagan for sound instincts, and his criticism of the President is, for the most part, oblique. Nonetheless, he strongly implies that Reagan also became part of the problem by siding too readily with his "chums" in skirmishes over policy, presiding over an "incoherent" national security process and above all failing to control or even to comprehend fully decisions that were being made in his name. "To me," writes Haig, "the White House was as mysterious as a ghost ship; you heard the creak of the rigging and the groan of the timbers and sometimes even glimpsed the crew on deck. But which of the crew had the helm?"

CAVEAT Realism, Reagan And Foreign Policy

Not since another Secretary of State, James Byrnes, assailed Harry Truman's foreign policy in 1947 in his memoir *Speaking Frankly* has a senior Cabinet member published such an attack on a sitting Administration. Haig gives little aid and comfort to Democrats on substance. His view of the world is a hard-liner's, his disagreement with the Administration largely concerns tactics and the policy-making process. But *Caveat* will certainly add fuel to the campaign debate over foreign policy.

■ "Al, Join My Team"

When Ronald Reagan asked me to be his Secretary of State, I had spent no more than three hours alone with him. In the fall of 1978, Reagan and I met at his home on the heights above Los Angeles. The evening had been arranged by Richard Allen, whom I had known as an uneasy member of Henry Kissinger's staff on the National Security Council. Allen was now Reagan's foreign policy adviser. I was still Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. I had made some statements about U.S. policy toward the Soviets that the press had interpreted as being critical of the policies of my Commander in Chief, President Jimmy Carter. Thereupon Allen had called me to say that Reagan would like to hear my assessment of the European scene.

Before dinner, Reagan and I spoke mostly about Edgar Bergen. The famous ventriloquist had died, and Reagan had just returned from the funeral. His convivial spirit had been quietened by sorrow. His face was drawn; his thoughts were with his friend; there was a sad smudge of theatrical makeup on the cuff of his shirt, one of the stigmata of the politician in this age of television.

During dinner, Mrs. Reagan skillfully led the conversation. She is, of course, one of the most charming hostesses in America. On first meeting, and sometimes subsequently, she gives an impression of guarded shyness, but she is possessed of a sprightly intelligence, a ready gift for conversation and an unerring sense of her husband's mood. I discovered that she had a well-defined and sensible view of current events.

From time to time, Dick Allen joined in with an observation. He is a comic *manqué* whose speech is marked by a habitual mirthful undertone, and his remarks brightened the somber atmosphere. Reagan himself was a hospitable presence, smiling at the jokes, contributing an occasional phrase, gazing with deep fondness and admiration on his wife.

Mrs. Reagan was attentive to her husband, who was distracted by the loss of his old friend and fatigued, and she sought to lift the burden of the evening as much as possible from his shoulders. In this she was assisted, in a diffident but effective way, by one of the other guests, Peter Hannaford, a partner of Michael Deaver's in a Washington public relations firm. It is common for assistants to shield the great men for whom they work from the importunities of outsiders. The tendency to protect Reagan, even to answer questions that were clearly addressed to him, went beyond the usual. As a result, Reagan was a rather quiet dinner companion.

The evening was so pleasant, and Nancy Reagan's table talk so captivating, that I was somewhat surprised when I realized, while driving back to the airport, that I had hardly exchanged a word with the man who—as I already suspected—would be the 40th President of the United States.

The months passed. After I retired from NATO and ended my 31 years of Army service, I undertook a series of speaking engagements as a means of expressing certain very strong views on defense and foreign policy. To some, this activity, which took me to

about 40 states, had the appearance of a run at the nomination; a Haig-for-President committee was formed in Washington. Although I was not consulted by the people involved, I did nothing to interfere with their right to support anyone they chose. But I had no expectation that I would be President and had repeatedly said so in public and private. Of all the truths that a public man can speak in American life, that is the one least likely to be believed, so I was not especially surprised that Reagan, or at least the men around him, should withhold judgment on my real intentions.

In August I received another call from Allen. Could I come to the ranch? I agreed but asked if this time I could meet with Reagan alone. My request was granted, and I went to California.

At their ranch north of Santa Barbara, the Reagans gave me a tour. Then Mrs. Reagan said goodbye with her firm handshake. She explained, with pointed good humor, that she was about to go riding—"so that you two can talk alone."

I guessed that my request for a private meeting with her husband had caused a misunderstanding, but there was no chance to repair the affront. Mrs. Reagan mounted her horse and cantered away.

Reagan, in close-fitting twill riding breeches, worn with old-fashioned, buckled cavalry boots, exuded good health and good fellowship. Reagan's affability, his habit of speaking plainly, without metaphor or jargon, and above all the impression he gives of *liking* the person he is talking to, create a good atmosphere. Simply put, Ronald Reagan is a nice guy, and one is aware of this every moment. This is no small gift for a man to be blessed with.

I always had warm feelings for him, reaching back to the Nixon Administration. He was, in the best sense of the word, a loyalist, a man who seemed instinctively to put country above party and party above self. When President Nixon asked for his support, he gave it, sometimes at considerable political cost to himself as Governor of California, but always ungrudgingly.

In our conversation that day at the ranch, Reagan and I agreed on most things. On the draft, however, we did not. Reagan, as a conservative, believes that compulsory military service is an invasion of the right of the individual to free choice. Urging him to moderate this doctrinaire view, I argued that our youth should grow up with a sense of obligation to the nation. He asked me if I would support him—"join my team," as he put it. I told him I could not, at that time, become a part of his political household, but that with the exception of the draft issue, I would be supportive of his basic policy.

At the end of 1979, Haig became president and chief operating officer of United Technologies in Hartford, Conn., one of the largest U.S. corporations (1983 sales: \$14.6 billion). A few months later, at 55, he underwent a successful double-bypass coronary operation. "I had become a private man," he writes, "and I thought that I had dropped off the political radar screen forever." In July 1980, however, he was invited to address the G.O.P. convention and soon found himself very much back on the screen.

My speech at the Convention, based on the foreign policy plank of the party platform, called for a policy much like the one I



Reagan [had] a talent for communication that approached the artistic.

President-elect and Secretary-designate at Blair House

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was later to advocate within the Reagan Administration. Afterward, Justin Dart (a Los Angeles businessman), a member of the kitchen cabinet and an old friend, shook my hand and said, "You're our next Secretary of State." I was not surprised to hear this—the air in a convention quivers with hyperbole—but I did not take it as gospel. I went back to Hartford and my work.

After Reagan's election, Allen telephoned me. He expected to be Reagan's adviser for national security affairs—a job he had also expected to have under President Nixon in 1969, only to be beaten out by a more solemn man, Henry Kissinger. Allen said I was a candidate for a Cabinet post. The first position mentioned was that of Secretary of Defense. I pointed out that military men are prohibited for a ten-year period after leaving active duty from becoming Secretary of Defense. General of the Army George Marshall's appointment in 1950 required a special act of Congress. In my view, General Marshall, as one of the greatest men in American history, was a fitting exception to the rule, and should be the only one.

Allen invited me, on behalf of the President-elect, to attend a dinner at the Madison Hotel in Washington, where I met Reagan's aides Edwin Meese and James Baker and the President-elect's friend and adviser Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada. They were there, it seemed, to look me over. They asked, first, if I had anything to hide in connection with Watergate. I assured them that I had nothing whatever to hide. Then Meese asked me a second question: Did I want to be President? I answered in the negative. It seemed a curious question. Meese's own man had just been elected by a landslide. Surely he was in no political danger from any other Republican. Later, at dinner, Meese leaned over to my wife and said, "Don't worry, he's going to make it." Passing along this mysterious tidbit, Pat commented, "My worry is that you will make it."

George Shultz, who was eminently qualified to be Secretary of State, was still regarded as the leading contender. His colleague at the Bechtel Group in California, Caspar ("Cap") Weinberger, who, like Shultz, had a personal relationship with Reagan, had also been mentioned. I began to take seriously the rumors with respect to myself when the familiar baritone of Richard Nixon came down the line one day to say that Reagan had decided to ask me to be his Secretary of State. In matters Republican, Nixon usually knows what he is talking about.

As I recall, it was a wintry afternoon, Dec. 11, when Reagan himself called and in his pleasant way said, "Al, I'm calling to say that I'd like you to join my team and be my Secretary of State." He went on to say that Allen, as National Security Adviser, would act exclusively as a staff coordinator. "You know my feeling about the Secretary of State," Reagan said. "He would be the spokesman." Then, referring to the predicament that developed when Nixon's old friend and Secretary of State William Rogers was outmaneuvered by Kissinger, he said, "I won't have a repeat of the Kissinger-Rogers situation. I'll look to you, Al."

In one part of my nature I now wanted the job. I had been training for it, in a sense, for 31 years. I thought that I could perform it well, and that it was important that it be well performed. To accept, I realized with a certain sense of loss, would be to go back to

an old life that I knew was filled with difficulty and misunderstanding and implacable (and often unjust) judgment of character and performance. I had served six Presidents. I had seen one of them fall in dreadful disgrace, but I had seen Presidents, including Richard Nixon, rise in triumph also. I had seen war as it was made in high places and as it was fought on the battlefield. I did not want to see any more of it. It seemed a good thing to do what one could to prevent more wars. I accepted the post Reagan had offered me with a glad and hopeful spirit.

There is a tendency to argue that Ronald Reagan is an aberration who does not represent the true will of the voters or the political center of the nation. This is a fallacy. His election was the culmination of a trend in American politics that began with the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt and that has steadily moved the political center to the right in this country.

I was convinced that in a broad way, the President-elect and I shared a certain view of the world.

Like the voters who elected him, I perceived in Ronald Reagan more significant qualities than mere expertise: decency, optimism, a gift for self-education, a sturdy, common-sense affection for the U.S. and for mankind, and a talent for communication that approached the artistic. Better than any President since John Kennedy, Ronald Reagan had the surface qualities and the skills to do the job. In the epoch of television, he, like Kennedy, was made for the camera. In a demagogue, this would have been a dangerous thing. But Reagan was no demagogue. He was, it is true, a man of strong beliefs, but they were traditionally American and, oddly enough, essentially liberal beliefs. The people were asking for realism, for an atmosphere of honest pride in the U.S., an acknowledgment by their leaders of the astonishing things that America had accomplished for its people and for the rest of the world.

Whether Ronald Reagan could be a great President was unknowable. Like most Americans, I profoundly hoped that he would be. I hoped that I could help him.



“There is a high emotive content in terms that apply to me: soldier, Republican, conservative, patriot.”

Testifying during his confirmation hearings before the Senate

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■ “Nobody Has a Monopoly on Virtue”

Rumors of Haig's appointment had already touched off intense controversy about his White House years. As Kissinger's aide on the National Security Council, Haig had requested FBI wiretaps on a number of reporters and Government officials in 1969-71 to determine the source of embarrassing leaks to the press. Later, as Richard Nixon's chief of staff when the Watergate scandal was approaching its climax, Haig resisted efforts by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski to obtain Oval Office tapes that ultimately discredited Nixon. Critics also faulted Haig for having helped Nixon and Kissinger conduct the war in Viet Nam, including the 1970 incursion into Cambodia. Yet another cloud over his nomination was the persistent though contested allegation that the Nixon Administration ordered the CIA to organize the 1973 military coup d'état in

which Chile's Marxist President, Salvador Allende Gossens, was overthrown and killed.

To my knowledge, never before my confirmation had there been hearings so openly conducted on ideological grounds rather than merely political ones. For some men there is a high emotive content in terms that apply to me: soldier, Republican, conservative, patriot. Add to that under the burning issues of Watergate, Viet Nam, Cambodia, wiretaps, the CIA, Chile, and you have the makings of a pretty hot time.

The question that ought to be asked of nominees for high office is this: Who are you and how did you become the person you are today? However, it was unlikely, as the date of my confirmation hearing before the Senate approached, that anyone was going to join me in a philosophical exercise on the relationship between personal experience and policymaking. The primary subject would be Nixon.

A few days after my Hardingesque conversation at the Madison Hotel with Baker and Meese and Laxalt—in which Meese questioned me about whether I had anything to hide about Watergate—the Washington Post ran a series of articles that raised scurrilous questions about my service in the White House, my association with President Nixon and the circumstances of his resignation. By innuendo and more direct means, it was suggested that I had unjustly escaped public humiliation and hanging as a Watergate criminal, and that my appointment to the Cabinet might provide a good opportunity to correct this oversight. For the press, there is no such thing as too many scoundrels. It knows that villains are interesting. I had been cast as fago. My wife and children were distressed. My friends were appalled. I was infuriated, and in an earlier day, when the reputations of public persons were still protected by the law, might have sued for libel. But I could hardly run away from these false charges. Failing to confront them would be tantamount to saying that I was afraid of scrutiny because I did not think I could stand up to it.

During the hearings, much time was devoted to a sober discussion of how the future needed to be managed, but the leitmotiv of Watergate also continued to be heard. Time after time, the events of the past were exhumed. This was perfectly proper, but it is not especially enjoyable to be the cause for the rebirth of the doctrine of guilt by association.

At length I was overtaken by exasperation. This happened on the fourth day, after a long session in which the plowed and salted earth of the Nixon era—Chile, wiretaps, Watergate—was spaded again and again. Democratic Senator Paul Sarbanes of Maryland turned once again to Nixon and his deeds. Why had I not resigned as a matter of conscience? It hardly seemed necessary to say again that I had not been there when the misdeeds took place. So I suggested that one did not have the option of quitting when the Republic was in danger: "I felt an obligation to do the best I could. I did that."

Sarbanes asked for my "value judgment" about the things that were happening. I repeated that there had been abuses on

both sides, that Nixon had a right to the presumption of innocence like any other citizen. The exchange ran on. Sarbanes pressed me for a "value judgment" no fewer than four times. Finally, I remarked, "Nobody has a monopoly on virtue, not even you, Senator."

I do not think anything was lost by the incident. In some circumstances, it is wrong to turn the other cheek. I was determined not to be Richard Nixon's judge. I had not been a witness to his misdeeds, only to their consequences and to his suffering.

The night of Aug. 8, 1974, when Richard Nixon announced his resignation as President and his long ordeal was over, I did not want to leave him alone. All Presidents must be aware of history because they are the limbs on its body. No President was more keenly aware of it than Nixon; better than anyone else, he knew what had happened to him and how this event was likely to be viewed. We went together to the Lincoln Sitting Room, his favorite place. The only light came from a log fire on the hearth.

He began to talk. He spoke about his predecessors and the times of doubt and anguish through which nearly all of them had passed. Not a single word did he speak about his own tragedy. He uttered no recriminations. He had lost the thing he wanted all his life, but he seemed to be at peace. I left him there, sitting alone in the dark. When I returned, shortly after dawn, Nixon was still in the same chair. He had a way of sitting on the small of his back, and that was how he was sitting now. The gray light of morning filled the room. There was the smell of a fire that had died. On a table sat a stack of books—the memoirs of Presidents. In each, he had inserted a slip of paper, marking a place where he had found something of interest. That is how Nixon had spent his last night as President. He had been seeking solace



“I had seen a President fall in dreadful disgrace; I had seen war as it was made in high places.”

Richard Nixon conferring with his Chief of Staff in 1973

from the only men who could truly know what he was feeling—his kinsmen in history. I simply could not render personal judgment on Nixon after seeing what he had gone through.

I am not insensible to the central lesson of Watergate, that a seemingly trivial act can take on such Aeschylean significance as to threaten the balance of the world. But it would be wrong to assign all the blame for that state of affairs to Nixon. There were abuses, and actions that were worse than abuses, on all sides. One need not describe the damage, not the least of which is that the U.S. now has a precedent for the removal of an elected President from office through a process of denunciation rather than due process of law.

It is true that Nixon chose not to avail himself of the impeachment process, but there were reasons for that beyond the shrill quality of public discourse that made a fair trial moot. Not all of those reasons, which included an unselfish belief that the country would be sundered politically, economically and emotionally by a protracted impeachment process, redound to Nixon's discredit.

During my confirmation hearings, when someone advised, "Tell them what they want to hear," I replied, "What is our purpose here? I can't tell them what they want to hear!"

The tragedy I had witnessed, and tried within the limits of legality and honor to help manage, was in the past. It had nothing whatever to do with my qualifications to be Secretary of State. I

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was willing to answer the questions that would be put to me, but not to gossip about a former President or to be brought so low that I would seek to demonstrate my fitness for my post, or certify my own decency, by joining in the hurling of anathema upon him. There are worse things than not being confirmed.

More than personal pride was involved. If I permitted myself to be hammered down, the cost would be severe. If I crawled before my own countrymen, what could I be expected to do when dealing with America's adversaries? I had a chilling vision of the videotapes of such a performance being played in the Kremlin. The price was unpayable.

Naturally, I would have preferred that the hearing be held under quieter circumstances. I don't mind being questioned, hectoring even, but it is discomfiting to have to answer sharply in full view of the world. It is easier to administer humiliation in public than to accept it. Besides, a circus atmosphere elicits the clown in all of us. It is difficult, when on camera, not to play to the gallery. This cheapens the process, distorts the results, and causes otherwise thoughtful persons to make damn fools of themselves.

To a significant degree, the television camera has driven the natural, the heartfelt, out of our national life. The rule used to be "What am I saying?" Now it is "How do I appear?"

In the end, the Foreign Relations Committee voted 15 to 2 for confirmation, with Sarbanes and Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts casting negative votes. The hearings had lasted 32 hours over five days with one evening session. Among my recent predecessors, beginning with John Foster Dulles, only one, Henry Kissinger, had been subjected to more than a day of hearings. On Jan. 21, the day after the Inauguration of Ronald Reagan, the Senate voted, 93 to 6, to confirm my nomination as the 59th Secretary of State.

In facing the ordeal, I had been left entirely to my own devices. No advice, no offer of help, no word of encouragement came to me from Reagan or his staff. When the hearings were over and it seemed that I had come through them all right, the President-elect did not congratulate me, nor did any of his people phone or write. Because Reagan is so instinctively kind and courteous, this surprised me. But each President has his own style, and in fairness there is no reason why I should have been praised for getting myself confirmed. That was the least I owed to my chief, who had risked much in nominating me.

■ An Administration Of Chums

On Jan. 6, two weeks before the Inauguration, I called on Reagan at Blair House to discuss the current play of events in the world and the structure of his foreign policy. In dealing with a President, one must tell the absolute truth, no matter how unpleasant, and conserve the President's time. Later, I was told that Reagan had found me brusque. Perhaps, in my ignorance about his way of doing things, I came a little too quickly to the point;

maybe my speech was unadorned. This is a habit instilled in West Point cadets and nothing in a life spent in the service of busy and impatient men had cured me of it.

I told Reagan, "You must have a single manager who can integrate the views of all your Cabinet officers and prepare for you a range of policy choices." He nodded.

If Reagan was uncomfortable, he gave no sign of it. The very first order of business was the structure of the foreign policy establishment. The President had to decide, and put in writing, who was going to do what. Without such a charter, the foreign policy machinery cannot function in an orderly way. The alternative is dispute over territory, rivalry over precedence, loss of decorum, and a policy that lacks coherence and consistency.

I was aware of the tendency among the President-elect's men to sing from different sheets of music, but I put it down to the exhilaration produced by the freshness of the candidate's triumph at the polls. I assumed that Reagan would control the garrulity. Still,

I discussed with him at length the importance of speaking with a single voice on foreign policy, and agreed that Allen and his colleagues at the NSC would have no independent contact with the press and that contacts with visiting foreign dignitaries should be the sole province of the Department of State. If Allen had any quibble with this concept, he said nothing about it.

Every Secretary since the redoubtable Dulles, with the exception of Kissinger, had to some degree been a bystander. State had increasingly become a house-keeping agency, charged with the errands of foreign policy rather than the creation of foreign policy. To a degree even Kissinger had made bystanders of the Foreign Service. As Secretary of State, he had run things with a personal staff, largely excluding the wider bureaucracy from the romance of important issues.

Under Reagan, I believed, all this was going to change. The problem was how to make the Foreign Service and the rest of the department's staff believe this too. The most difficult management problem faced by any incoming Administration is the inertia of the bureaucracy. It is like an asteroid, spinning in an eccentric orbit, captured by the gravity of its procedures and its self-interest, deeply suspicious of politicians who threaten its stability by changing its work habits. This is a greater problem for Republicans than for Democrats. The civil service is not infected by Republican sentiment. Perhaps because they believe more fervently than Republicans in the power of bureaucracy to perfect the human condition, more young Democrats tend to make careers of federal service.

Moreover, the fear was abroad that a legion of right-wing activists was going to march in and start conducting American diplomacy according to the rules of a political rally. Some early nominations—that of the neoconservative Mrs. (Jeane) Kirkpatrick as Ambassador to the United Nations, for example—had been read as signs of a trend in this direction. This was unjust, but the perception existed.

Some of my own nominations encountered delays at the White House. Lawrence Eagleburger, an old colleague from the NSC staff, whom I wanted as Assistant Secretary for European AF-



“I sensed in Meese a tendency to assume an unusual measure of authority.”

During a budget meeting, Meese, right, takes a seat at the Cabinet table



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airs, found disfavor because he was regarded as a Kissingerite; he had been Kissinger's executive assistant both at the White House and at State. There was a certain determination to exclude those who had been closely associated with Kissinger from the foreign policy apparatus under Reagan. There should have been no problem. Eagleburger was a thoroughgoing professional and a strong-minded individual unlikely to have been brainwashed even by so powerful an intellect as Kissinger's. As these and other appointments were stalled, I asked Meese and Baker who, exactly, was opposing them. Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, they replied. Oddly, I never heard directly from Helms. Thoroughly puzzled and somewhat frustrated, I finally got through to Helms on the telephone. To my surprise, the Senator said he had no problem in accepting the appointments I was proposing. Other phone conversations followed, always with the same result: Helms had no objection. Yet later, when there were further delays, Helms was again cited as the cause. I was never able to unravel this mystery.

The key appointment is that of Deputy Secretary of State. I wanted an alter ego in the job, a man who would share every detail of my work and to whom I could give my deepest confidence. He must also be a Reagan loyalist. One name, that of William Clark of the California Supreme Court, was mentioned frequently by people close to Reagan. It came up in an official way one day, early in January, when Dick Allen and I were going over his list of candidates. In one of the most significant decisions of my life, I seized upon it.

At my request, Clark came to Washington and slipped in a side door of the State Department. He is a very tall man with a boyish face and the simple manners of a rancher, which he is; he wears a Stetson and Western boots. I took a great liking to him. He has a very manly and open and easygoing manner. "I don't know a thing about foreign policy," he told me with amiable candor. I knew that already. It didn't matter. State abounds with experts in foreign policy.

Clark had a single, overwhelming qualification: he was an old and trusted friend of the President's. I was not, and in an Administration of chums, bonded together by years of faith and hope and hard work on the campaign trail, this was a handicap. I was already puzzled by the methods of the President's aides, perhaps Clark, who had known these men for years, could explain them to me. No less important, he could explain me to them.

"I know the Governor's ways," he told me. In Clark's way of talking and thinking, I saw similarities to Reagan—the casual manner, the ready smile, the friendly tone, the easy equality—and understood why the two were friends. It seemed to me Clark and I could work together.

Questions had been raised about Clark's ability to grasp complex issues, and there was some anxiety in the department about his confirmation, as he lacked even the rudiments of an education in foreign affairs. Some of the ablest foreign policy experts in Washington set about to tutor Clark, but they did not have time to fill the empty vessel. Clark flunked the senatorial quiz, although he was confirmed anyway. I discounted these difficulties. Most public men are thought to be less intelligent than in fact they

are. Bad publicity tends to arouse my sympathy for its object.

Haig was the object of some bad publicity himself, largely through the unwise choice of one word during a press conference.

It is diverting to attempt to identify the precise moment when the grain of sand enters the oyster, beginning the long process of irritation that ends with the pearl. In my case, the sea change that later produced my resignation, though I should hesitate to characterize that act as a pearl, began almost at the start of my days as Secretary of State. It began in a jest.

At my first news conference at the State Department, on Jan. 28, 1981, I remarked, "When I accepted this position, I was assured by President Reagan personally that I would be his chief administrator, if you will, and I use the term vicar"—a word I had used earlier with Reagan when we discussed my role. Seldom has a man made an unwise public display of pedantry.

The dictionary defines the word to mean "administrative deputy." Possibly the only other American to use the word in this sense and have it get into print was Paul Nitze, who employed it to describe the relationship of the Secretary of State to the President in testimony before the late Senator Henry Jackson's subcommittee on Government reorganization more than two decades ago. I stole it from Nitze (who later became our chief negotiator for the Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces talks).

The word caused the press to chortle and the White House staff to choke. In some minds it seemed to evoke the picture of a harmless ecclesiastical gentleman on a bicycle, in others that of an antipope. Very soon I lost my affection for it. With the dazzling speed that only words possess, it entered the vocabulary of the press and played its part in creating first the impression, and finally the uncomfortable reality, of a struggle for primacy between the President's close aides and myself.



“ The White House staff's style was new to me; I had never encountered anything quite like it. ”

Preparing for the Senate AWACS vote with Deaver, Baker and Allen

■ My "Grab For Power"

For years, members of Reagan's staff had been communicating with their chief's friends and enemies through the press, rewarding the one and punishing the other. They had often communicated with each other in the same way. It seemed natural to them, now that they were in the White House, to communicate thus with other officials, and even with foreign governments.

At first, I did not realize that the media had let themselves be converted into White House bulletin boards. When I would deliver a sensitive memorandum for the President's eyes only in the early afternoon, and then hear quotations from it on the evening news, I would react with surprise and call up the White House to express my shock. How naive I must have seemed.

Since my meeting with Reagan on Jan. 6, we at State had been working with Defense, the NSC staff and CIA to produce a mutually agreeable version of NSDD-1, the National Security Decision Di-

rective establishing the structure of foreign policy. State was awarded the chairmanship and Defense the vice chairmanship of all the interagency groups dealing with foreign policy. This arrangement was accepted without demur by Secretary of Defense Weinberger and by William Casey, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, and especially by Allen.

So it was with confidence, even camaraderie, that we four met at the White House after the Inauguration to deliver the agreed-upon document to the President, although we did not seek to see the President. A certain festivity was in the air and a certain solemnity too. We were living through the first hours of a new era, and if the heart of the Government is anywhere, it is in the White House. At the end of an Administration, it has an air of shabbiness, poignant to those who remember the paint when it was new and the furniture before it was battered. No one, I imagine, has left the place more threadbare than President Carter.

The draft directive was received by Meese in his office. Also present were Baker and

Deaver. Meese seemed very much at ease, very sure of his authority. Baker and Deaver, favorites of Mrs. Reagan's, seemed to be lesser players, hanging back a bit. Allen was there, and so was Casey.

Also present was Weinberger. He is a capable man, immensely likable and honest, a talented administrator and a stubborn fighter for what he believes is right. The defense policy that he and President Reagan were to devise is a long-needed corrective and will heighten the chances of keeping the peace in small ways and large.

Under Meese's chairmanship, we began a point-by-point discussion of the document. With lawyerly meticulousness, Meese conducted a dogged critique of the paper. In the process, my earlier understandings with the President—and Weinberger's too—were disappearing in a haze of nitpicking. At length, Meese tucked the directive into his briefcase. I would like to be able to say that something in his manner warned me that the document would stay there, unsigned, for well over a year. But the truth is, I never dreamed that he would not hand it to the President at the start of the next day.

Once before, when the Cabinet-designates met in Washington on Jan. 7, I had sensed in Meese a tendency to assume an unusual measure of authority. In a sort of primer on Cabinet relations with the White House, he explained the President's ideas, the President's procedures, the President's priorities. Reagan himself spoke very little. When he did intervene, it was usually to recall an incident from his days as Governor of California that was in some way relevant to the subject.

As a result of Meese's pocketing the draft directive, there was no description of duty, no rules, no expression of the essential authority of the President to guide his subordinates in their task. This failure arose from ignorance: Reagan's assistants saw a routine act of government as a novel attempt to pre-empt power. In fact, it was a plan to share and coordinate those duties in foreign policy that express the President's powers under the Constitution. I left the White House that day with the feeling that Ed Meese and his colleagues perceived their rank in the Administration as being superior to that of any member of the Cabinet.

Next day, the press contained gossip items suggesting that I had tried to thrust the paper into the President's hands and secure his signature only moments after he had taken the oath of office. White House sources were quoted on the shock this "grab for power" on the first day of the Administration had produced in the President.

This struck me as distinctly odd. I could not conceive that any of the seven of us who had firsthand knowledge of the circumstances would be so mischievous, so numb to the requirements of the presidency, as to plant such a story. It was damaging to the President and to me. And it wasn't true. I called Ed Meese. He told me the matter wasn't worth worrying about.

But the phenomenon had seized my attention. Few things are more stimulating than being able to hear what is being said about you behind your back. I have thought much about the press and its place in American life, but never more deeply and never more poignantly than in my time as Secretary of State. In

the Washington *Post* I soon learned that Bill Clark had not, after all, been my choice as Deputy Secretary of State, but rather that he was "expected to function as the White House eyes and ears in the State Department, especially on behalf of those in the Reagan inner circle who are suspicious of Haig's ambitions for the presidency." From the *New York Times* I discovered that my "take-charge" style had earned me the nickname CINC-WORLD, or Commander in Chief of the World. From other reports, it appeared that I had raised hackles by pointing out the foreign policy implications of the grain embargo and auto imports, by reassuring our allies on our plans with respect to the neutron bomb and by the nature of my personality. The fanciful story about my thrusting a "20-page memorandum" into Reagan's

hands as he returned from his swearing-in took root in the press and demonstrated once again that gossip is harder than truth. Again I called up Meese. "Al," he said, "it's just newspaper talk. Don't pay any attention." Baker gave me the same advice.

The day after the Inauguration, Haig was struck once again by the behavior of the White House staff, particularly during the very first formal meeting of the Cabinet.

Of the many destructive effects of Viet Nam and Watergate, none is worse than the tendency of a new Administration to believe that history began on its Inauguration Day, and its predecessor was totally wrong about everything, and that all its acts must therefore be canceled. This produces a policy of recrimination rather than a policy of renewal, it causes men and women to look back in anger rather than to look forward in hope and confidence.

President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq of Pakistan once remarked that being the friend of the U.S. is like living on the banks of a great river: the soil is wonderfully fertile and there are many other benefits, but every four years or eight years, the river, flooded by storms that are too far away to be seen, changes its course, and you are left in a desert, all alone. These irrational changes, of course, produced by a political vengefulness that is alien to American life, are a great danger. They confuse our friends, mislead our adver-



☛☛ The Soviets had to be [warned] that their time of unresisted adventuring in the Third World was over. ☛☛

With Ambassador Dobrynin at the State Department in 1981

saries and confound our own plans for a more manageable world.

It seemed important to establish, early in Reagan's presidency, that smallness of spirit would not be his way. Yet the day after the Inauguration, it was suggested in the Oval Office that the agreement with the Iranians for the return of the hostages, negotiated by the Carter Administration, be abrogated. This amazing proposition won the support of many in the room. Insofar as Jim Baker's reaction could be interpreted, he appeared to be in sympathy. So did Deaver. The President did not seem to be surprised by the suggestion; evidently he was prepared, in his remarkable equanimity, to listen to the most audacious ideas. I had to say that I was appalled that such a cynical action could even be considered. The agreement, however bitter, however deeply flawed, was a pledge of the honor of the U.S. Government. We just couldn't go back on it. Again, the President, in his quietude, was nodding agreement, but he made no decision, listening instead to both views with impartial receptivity. In the end, the agreement with Iran was honored.

I may have snatched the issue of the Iranian agreements out of the White House staff's hands a bit too brusquely. But their style was new to me: I had never encountered anything quite like it. Earlier that day, the first Cabinet meeting had been held. On entering the Cabinet room, I saw that Meese and Baker were seated at the Cabinet table. This was a startling departure from tradition. H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman at the height of their pride would never have dared such an act of *lèse-majesté*. They were aides, not members of the Cabinet, and they sat against the wall, as all other aides have always done. Deaver was seated there now—but a meeting or so later, he joined the others.

Sitting at the table, the triumvirate of Meese, Baker and Deaver had the school-boyish habit of scribbling and passing notes among themselves. During the first Cabinet meeting, I wrote on my notepad: "Government by Cabinet or troika?"

■ Warning Signals For the Soviets

The Soviet Union, at the time of Reagan's Inauguration, possessed greater military power than the U.S., which had gone into a truly alarming military decline even before the withdrawal from Viet Nam accelerated the weakening trend. Reagan was, and remains, President of a U.S. that no longer deploys irresistible economic influence and military power.

But if America is weaker than it was, it is still a superpower. That is a fact of history and nature from which there can be no escape. The U.S., if it does not wish to sow fear and confusion in the world and create conditions of the greatest danger for itself and for all of humanity, must behave like the superpower it is. For all but the final year of Carter's presidency, it had refused to do this, apparently as a matter of conscience.

Because of Viet Nam and Watergate, the U.S. had, for some time before Carter took office, been too distracted to act like a

superpower. The consequences were devastating. The balance of the world was disturbed. Our enemy, the Soviet Union, had been seduced by the weakness of the American will and had extended itself far beyond the natural limits of its own apparent interests and influence. Soviet diplomacy is based on tests of will. Since Viet Nam, the U.S. had largely failed these tests. Like the assiduous students of Western vulnerabilities that they are, the Soviets would send out a probe—now in Angola, again in Ethiopia, finally in El Salvador—to test the strength of Western determination. Finding the line unmanned, or only thinly held, they would exploit the gap. From such unstable situations, routs develop.

It was time to close the breach and hold the line. From the experience of the 1970s, I was convinced that the Soviet Union did not want war. But where the U.S. was soft or inconsistent or ambiguous in its policies, the Soviets were increasingly willing to take risks. We had to change that pattern of cause and effect.

No frivolous playground test of manhood was involved here.

Mere confrontation should never be the aim of our policy. If the Reagan Administration came into office with the determination to resist Soviet adventurism, it arrived also with the idea of reopening a realistic dialogue with Moscow.

The weakened position of the American deterrent and dissatisfaction with the results of the earlier Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) had convinced some that the negotiations were too dangerous to be undertaken at all. Conversely, I believed that we could not pursue policies that raised tensions with the U.S.S.R. and at the same time claim we were too weak to negotiate with them. Moreover, the American people would never agree to a posture that supported only a major arms buildup but ruled out negotiations that might produce greater security at less risk. It is the duty of any

■ No Parking

Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin is a cordial man, admired by Washington hostesses for his charming mimicry of bourgeois social graces. So special was his position that he had been accustomed to entering the State Department by driving into the basement garage and then riding a private elevator to the seventh floor, where the Secretary's office is located.

All this changed at 5 p.m. on Jan. 29, 1981, when Dobrynin called on me for the first time in my new capacity. In a maneuver that was savored for its subtle nuances and vivid symbolism, Dobrynin's car was made to back out of the garage and proceed to the main entrance, where the flustered Ambassador dismounted into a thicket of microphones and cameras.

I wish I could claim credit for this inspired gesture, which conveyed so aptly the change in American attitudes toward Moscow. The situation arose, however, not from geopolitical considerations but from bureaucratic pique. American ambassadors in Moscow had been kept in sterile isolation, and the Soviet desk of the department initiated the decision to take away Dobrynin's parking privileges as a means of getting the Soviets' attention. When Dobrynin entered my office, he managed to conceal any chagrin he may have felt as a result of being treated as an ordinary mortal.

Administration to listen to the messages contained in great popular movements and to try to understand their deeper meanings. But if the demands of a popular movement are likely, if adopted, to bring about results opposite to the ones desired by the movement, then leaders must not yield to popular pressure. Early in the Administration, when the nuclear-freeze movement was at its apogee, some of the President's advisers urged him to consider calling for a freeze after the level of weapons had been reduced and equalized. This I opposed, and would oppose again, because only the word freeze, not the qualifier "after reduction and equalization," would have registered on the superheated surface of the disarmament issue. The U.S. cannot freeze if its deterrent is in question; the U.S.S.R. would never negotiate the conditions that would permit a freeze if it knew in advance that an American President was committed to a freeze. It would merely wait for him to institutionalize the Soviet advantage. Any commitment to a freeze, at present unstable levels of force, would be a cynical exploitation of a vulnerable popular mood and a signal to the Soviets of precisely the weakness and erosion of integrity that can lead to miscalculation and its unthinkable consequences.

In arms control and in other areas, we wanted to identify questions on which the U.S. and the Soviets could accommodate their interests in ways that advanced peace and social justice. But before that could happen, the Soviets must believe that it was



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better to accommodate to the U.S. and the West than to go on marauding against their interests and security. Rhetoric would not lead them to this conclusion, only a credible show of will and strength. Even with the American military in a temporary state of post-Viet Nam dysfunction, the U.S. and its friends had enough assets to be able to deal with the Soviets and their proxies with confidence. No one knew this better than the Soviets.

The Soviet Union is not a buoyant imperial power, having its way whenever and wherever it chooses with an America that has come to the end of its moral capital. In fact, the Soviet Union is a deeply troubled and most vulnerable power, beset by problems that cannot be solved by its atrophying system and its doctrinaire leadership. Moscow is overextended militarily and economically. The Russian Revolution has become a frozen orthodoxy. Its objective is not change but conformity.

After the Carter experiment in obsequiousness, and the criticism and uncertainty it stimulated among our allies and friends, there was an imperative need to deal with the Soviet question. With the election of Ronald Reagan, the U.S. confronted a great opportunity. If it could shake off its lethargy and abandon its self-doubt, it could lead the free world into a new era of stability, peace and social progress. My years in Europe had convinced me that our allies thirsted for American leadership. Other nations wanted the reassurance, the freedom to develop, that only a strong American advocacy of the rule of law and peaceful change can provide. The Third World was ready to seek new areas of cooperation with the West.

The new President, in his first days, had to move against the climate of uncertainty. With our military strength at the ebb and our economy in trouble, we had to proceed with care. Nevertheless, strong signals were needed. A new President has perhaps 18 months to put the framework and substance of his foreign policy into place. After that, he will be shackled by his critics and distracted by the exigencies of the next election.

The morning of an Administration is the best time to send signals. Our signal to the Soviets had to be a plain warning that their time of unresisted adventuring in the Third World was over, and that America's capacity to tolerate the mischief of Moscow's proxies, Cuba and Libya, had been exceeded. Our signal to other nations must be equally simple and believable: once again, a relationship with the U.S. would bring dividends, not just risks.

■ A Peculiar, Melancholy Creature

All Presidents, all politicians (and not only politicians) hope to make use of the press. All arrive in Washington determined not to be unduly influenced by the press, and all fail to some degree. It is easy enough to remember, when one is greeting the voters in Indiana, that most Americans do not read the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* or watch the evening news on ABC, CBS and NBC—or, for that matter, necessarily believe everything they read in newspapers and magazines or watch on television or hear on radio. This memory tends to become submerged once the campaign is won and the candidate takes up residence in Washington. Then the capital, with its curious mixture of high ideals and hard work and base ambition and blind vanity, becomes the universe: If I am so famous that the *Washington Post* is writing about me, then, of course, the whole world is reading it.

Politicians live (and, as we know, sometimes die) by the press. The press lives by politicians. This symbiotic relationship is at the center of our national life. The relationship has always existed. Probably it came into being at about the same time as human speech, which permitted the first gossip to repeat the (suitably edited) sayings of the chief of the clan to the people in the next cave. It existed in America, an especially nourishing environment for all types of communication, before the Declaration of Independence.

The press is a peculiar, disembodied, melancholy creature driven by strange hungers, never happy with its triumphs, wanting always to be loved and incessantly suspecting that it is not. In this, of course, it closely resembles the politician. There the resemblance ends. The politician and his appointed assistants

■ "All I Hear is Cuba, Cuba, Cuba!"

Signals were particularly necessary in Central America. It was typical that Americans would be reluctant to treat El Salvador as a strategic problem with global implications. Historically, we have been slow to think and act in these terms. It has cost us dearly. After World War II, an American Secretary of State declared that Korea was not within the U.S. sphere of interest. A short time later, North Korean troops attacked across the 38th parallel. A few months later, entering Seoul with elements of X Corps, I saw evidence of Soviet military presence down to the battalion level in the North Korean army.

A decade later, the war in Viet Nam should have taught us that such an expression of North Vietnamese imperialism could not have taken place without the massive support of the U.S.S.R. Yet we chose not to take the issue to the Soviet Union or even, in a meaningful way, to Hanoi. We chose, instead, to tangle ineffectually with the puppets, rather than the puppetmasters.

Central America offered another chance to show we had learned this lesson. The war in El Salvador seemed to be a stalemate. No stalemate could have existed without the massive support of outside sources. I believed that through economic, political and security measures we should persuade the Soviets and Cubans to put an end to Havana's bloody activities in the hemisphere and elsewhere in the world. In Central America there could not be the slightest doubt that Cuba was at once the source of supply and the catechist of the Salvadoran insurgency.

The insurgents said that they financed their war with the proceeds of bank robberies and ransoms paid by rich relatives of kidnaped members of the exploiting classes. Many accepted these explanations. The will to disbelieve our own governments is a very strong force in America and the West. We ran into this phenomenon when, in February 1981, we published a State Department White Paper called "Communist Interference in El Salvador." The White Paper's critics brought in the Scottish verdict: not proven. Perhaps no defense of the paper would have been equal to the task of quieting the outrage. We had told impermissible truths.

have an obligation to be responsible. The press has none. It prints what is given. If some important national secret is betrayed in the pages of a great newspaper, as has often happened, it is nonsense to protest that the editors and reporters have no patriotism, no decency, that this is treason. The charges may be correct, but you have arraigned the wrong defendants. The failure of patriotism, the betrayal of decency, the treachery are real enough. But these are the trespasses of the public official who, having been trusted with the secret, could not keep it.

In the Reagan Administration, leaks were not merely a problem, they were a way of life, and in the end I concluded that they were a way of governing. Leaks constituted policy; they were the authentic voice of the Government. It is not surprising that this should have been so. The President's closest aides were essentially public relations men. They were consummate professionals—

To understand the circumstances of life in Central America is to wish to change those circumstances. No one could be unmoved by the spectacle of poverty and social injustice in a country like El Salvador. Merely by taking up arms against these conditions, the insurgents won a measure of idealistic international sympathy and trust. What the rebels had done in fact was to add murder, terrorism and inestimable sorrow to the miseries of the people.

The Reagan Administration was concerned with human rights. But publicly denouncing friends on questions of human rights while minimizing the abuse of those rights in the Soviet Union and other totalitarian countries was at an end. El Salvador, vital though the preservation of its democratic future is, represents a symptom of dangerous conditions in the Americas—Cuban adventurism, Soviet strategic ambition.

When I was a private citizen, President José López Portillo of Mexico had told me that the difficulty he had had in a domestic Mexican sense in dealing with the Carter Administration was that, in his words, "a President of Mexico cannot survive by taking positions to the right of the President of the U.S."

Months later, as Secretary of State, I found myself seated next to the Mexican Ambassador to the U.S. at a dinner. He leaned over and made an offer. Would the new Administration like to open a discreet line of communication with the rebels in El Salvador? I exploded: no longer. I said, would Washington deal secretly with insurgents who were attempting to overthrow legal governments in the Western Hemisphere. In the next four years, the Americas would see a determined U.S. effort to stamp out Cuban-supported subversion.

The Ambassador was at first startled by my vehemence, but he gripped my hand warmly. "For years," he said fervently, "I have been waiting for an American to speak words such as these. Tonight I will go home and sleep well!"

There was another envoy who needed to hear the message. This was the Soviet Ambassador, Anatoli Dobrynin. "It's good to see you back in Washington, Al," he said when he made his first call on me at the State Department. "You belong here." Coming quickly to the point, I raised with him the question of the transshipment of Soviet arms through Nicaragua to the insurgents in El Salvador. "All lies," said Dobrynin. "Photographs don't lie," I replied, for the U.S. had been

gathering intelligence on arms smuggling for a period of a year or more from human agents and by technological means like satellite photography. "The U.S. is profoundly disturbed by Cuban activities in the Caribbean and elsewhere in the world."

Dobrynin said this was certainly no way to start an Administration. How, he asked, should the U.S. and the Soviet Union begin to develop a dialogue? I said, "It is not acceptable to talk peace while acting differently. One statement we can never accept is [President Leonid] Brezhnev's insistence on your right to support so-called wars of liberation whenever and wherever targets of opportunity develop."

This was a flash point. Dobrynin said he could recall no such policy. It would be very unfortunate, he added, if the Soviet leadership formed the impression that the Reagan Administration was hostile to the U.S.S.R., because first impressions often persisted.

"Not hostile," I said. "Offended by Soviet excesses. Confident, determined, prepared to do what is necessary. The Soviet leadership must know that there must be change, for the future good of both sides." Then and subsequently, I stressed our concern with Cuba's role as a Soviet proxy.

Dobrynin complained, "All I ever hear from you is Cuba, Cuba, Cuba!" It is true that I raised that subject often. Cuban troops in Ethiopia were the praetorian guard of a regime whose policy had caused inestimable suffering. Cuban troops in Angola were the chief impediment to a settlement that might bring peace to that country and independence to neighboring Namibia. But it was the role of Cuba in the insurgency in El Salvador that engaged our attention in the most urgent manner.

There was not, however, a unity of views within the Administration over how to respond. Very nearly the first words spoken on the subject of Central America in the councils of the Reagan Administration made reference to the danger of "another Viet Nam." Indeed, this danger existed, if Reagan repeated the errors of the past and resorted to incrementalism. To start small, to show hesitation, to localize our response was to Vietnamize the situation. If it is easier to escalate step by small step, it is easier for an adversary to respond to each step with a response that is strong enough to compel yet another escalation on our part. That is the lesson of Viet Nam. If an objective is worth pursuing, then it must be pursued with enough resources to force the issue early.

The President was buffeted by the winds of opinion and

"wizards" is not too strong a word. In my view they were the most skillful handlers of the press since the New Deal.

They were grappling with a difficult problem, the most difficult faced by men trying to establish the authority of a new President since the election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Neither F.D.R. in 1932, when Republicans controlled the press, nor Ronald Reagan in 1980, when liberal Democrats were the rule among journalists, had very many friends and sympathizers in the established press. How, in the face of a reflexive ideological hostility—not to say bigotry—toward Reagan and all that he stood for, were the President's men to get fair, even favorable coverage of his Administration?

First, they had a bit of luck. As Reagan came to office, the press was nervous about itself. It had played a major role in bringing down three Presidents in a row—two of them Democrats even if they were Southerners, let it be remembered. Even within the press, some

thought (though few violated tribal taboos far enough to say so outright) that there had been excesses. Besides, there is an ultimate control on the press: if its readers do not believe it and do not trust it or if they think it lacks a standard of fair play, they will stop heeding it, and it will die. Therefore the press was inclined to cool its ardor for a time, even to go so far as to show that it could be fair to a President whose policies much of it despised.

Second, the White House wizards understood the great intangible power that the Government holds over the press. I have said that the press is disembodied; I meant that it has no life of its own, it lives on the acts of others. Action, to the press, is information; it is not interested in the parentheses of policy, forethought and consequence. The press cannot live without information. It has no information of its own; it follows, then, that it must rely on others to manufacture the stuff. The Government is the great smithy of information. Appre-

ciating this, Reagan's men opened the doors to the workshop and escorted reporters inside in a way hitherto unknown in Washington. They literally told them everything. For the press, always the outsider, always operating on suspicion and guesswork and animosity, it was a dream come true. It had never before had sources like this. And, of course, the press could not risk losing these sources by offending them, so it wrote what it was given.

When a Roman emperor or general returned to the city after a great victory and was awarded a triumph, he passed among the populace wearing a hero's chaplet, surrounded by his soldiers, his booty and his captives. Lest he be made drunk by glory and the cheers of the citizens, he was sometimes provided with a slave who accompanied him in the ceremonies and whispered into his ear. "Remember, you are mortal."

In present-day America, the press performs this function.

tugged by the advice of those who doubted the wisdom of a decisive policy based on the strategic considerations I have outlined. One camp favored a low-key treatment of El Salvador as a local problem and sought to cure it through limited military and economic aid, along with certain covert measures. In that camp were Vice President Bush, Defense Secretary Weinberger, Director of Central Intelligence Casey (with reservations), National Security Adviser Allen and most of the others. Together with Baker and Deaver, Meese was the leading voice for caution and slow decision. Meese's keen legal mind detected the risks; his deep loyalty and affection for the President made him protective.

Some of Reagan's highest aides counseled against diluting the impact of his domestic program with a foreign undertaking that would generate tremendous noise in the press and in Congress. Weinberger genuinely feared the creation of another unmanageable tropical war into which American troops and money would be poured with no result different from Viet Nam. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, chastened by Viet Nam, in which our troops performed with admirable success but were declared to have been defeated, and by the steady decline of respect for the military—and the decline of military budgets—resisted a major commitment. I sensed, and understood, a doubt on the part of the military in the political will of the civilians at the top to follow through to the end on such a commitment.

I was virtually alone in the other camp, which favored giving military and economic aid to El Salvador while bringing the overwhelming economic strength and political influence of the U.S., together with the reality of its military power, to bear on Cuba in order to treat the problem at its source. In my view that the potential strategic gain from this combination of measures far outweighed the risks, and that the U.S. could contain any Soviet countermeasures, I was isolated.

Fortunately, the protracted nature of our discussions did not produce total paralysis. The aircraft carriers *Eisenhower* and *Kennedy* with their battle groups totaling some 30 ships were sent on routine Atlantic Fleet maneuvers in the waters around Cuba. An existing task force was upgraded to the status of Caribbean Command. Even these limited actions produced results.

Castro ordered anti-aircraft guns placed on the roofs of Havana during our naval exercises. The flow of arms into Nicaragua and thence into El Salvador slackened, a signal from Havana and Moscow that they had received and understood the American message. From many sources we heard that the Cuban was nervous, that he desired contacts with the Americans.

In late February, one of Richard Allen's staff assistants, Roger Fontaine, took the unusual step of trying to arrange a meeting with Castro through Jack Anderson, the columnist. Anderson, it seems, knew a Cuban exile in Miami who claimed to have arranged for the passing of messages between the Castro regime and previous U.S. Administrations. Fontaine met the Cuban in Anderson's office. The question of opening a secret channel to Havana was discussed. The President's name was invoked.

When word of this reached me, I telephoned Meese, Allen's effective superior, to talk about its implications. We had spent

weeks putting fear into the hearts of the Cubans and getting results. This diversion undermined the whole effort. Meese seemed to understand my objections. The President could not have been aware of this, he said; he had told Allen not to meet with foreigners without prior clearance from the State Department.

Castro's approaches became more frequent. Finally, it began to seem that nothing could be lost by testing the waters. On Nov. 23, the Cuban Vice President, Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, and I met in Mexico City, in strictest secrecy and with President Reagan's approval. Rodriguez seemed less a fearsome revolutionary than a cosmopolitan member of the privileged classes. Educated by the Jesuits, a Castroite from the first days, a trusted collaborator of the Soviet Union, he is probably the guarantee in human form that the Cuban revolution will outlive Castro.

The last thing Cuba wanted, Rodriguez said, was confrontation with the U.S. The U.S. was mistaken, even irrational, to think that Cuba was involved in El Salvador. Cuba could not re-

nounce its right to solidarity with revolutionary masses elsewhere in the world, but Cuba did not want a confrontation by mistake.

Clearly the Cubans were very anxious. Actually, Castro and Rodriguez had more reason to be nervous than they knew. In my conversations with Dobrynin, I continued to press the question of Cuban adventurism. Dobrynin's response convinced me that Cuban activities in the Western Hemisphere were a matter between the U.S. and Cuba. Castro had fallen between two superpowers.



FOR ALL THE EMBROIDERED ACTS... THERE'S THE CIA MAKING TROUBLE IN NICARAGUA!!

“Soviet arms [shipped] through Nicaragua to El Salvador? ‘All lies,’ said Dobrynin. ‘Photographs don’t lie,’ I replied.”

■ “I’m in Control Here”

In a severe crisis, the fate of the nation is at stake, and the ultimate crisis manager must be the President. In 1973, during the October

War, the U.S. received an ultimatum from the Soviet Union: either the Israeli forces that were driving across the Sinai withdraw, or the U.S.S.R. would intervene, possibly with airborne troops. The Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, suggested to me that this crisis could be managed in the State Department. As the White House chief of staff, I insisted, on instructions from the President, that it must be brought under control by the President, in the White House, with the support of State and other agencies. The Soviet challenge was handled in the West Wing Situation Room of the White House. U.S. strategic forces went to a higher state of readiness, a strong reply to the Soviet ultimatum was sent to Moscow, and the President won out. In the Reagan Administration, I envisaged the State Department providing whatever assistance the President required in the area of crisis management, in support of whatever system he decided he wanted to use. But no pre-eminent role was ever sought for the State Department or the Secretary of State.

On March 22, 1981, I read on the front page of the *Washington Post* an article that quoted senior White House officials saying that Vice President Bush would be in charge of a new structure for national-security crisis management. To place a Vice President in charge of crisis management would be a departure, but the vice presidency can be almost anything the President wants it to be. Nixon, who literally “learned” the presidency in

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eight years under Eisenhower, isolated Spiro Agnew as if he were a bacillus. In at least one White House meeting that I attended, President Johnson allotted the loquacious Hubert Humphrey five minutes in which to speak ("Five minutes, Hubert!"); then Johnson stood by, eyes fixed on the sweep-second hand of his watch, while Humphrey spoke, and when the Vice President went over the limit, pushed him, still talking, out of the room.

Reagan, on the other hand, respected Bush's experience and listened to his views. I phoned Ed Meese on Monday morning and asked if there was any truth in the article in the *Post*. "None whatsoever," Meese replied.

Subsequently Reagan called me into the Oval Office. He wore an expression of concern. "I want you to know," he said, "that the story in the *Post* is a fabrication. It means that George would sit in for me in the NSC in my absence, and that's all it means. It doesn't affect your authority in any way." Later that same day, he called me on the phone, evidently to reassure me a second time: "Al, I want you to know that you are my foreign policy guy." One hour later the President's press secretary made a statement formally confirming that Bush would indeed chair the Administration's "crisis management" team.

This was a stunning sequence of events. I called in my deputy, William Clark, who knew the mind of the President. "Something is wrong here," he said. "The President wouldn't do a thing like this. Let me go over to the White House and find out what happened."

I called my wife; she had already heard the news on television. "Don't unpack, honey," I told her with forced cheeriness. That night I slept fitfully. There were no more calls from the President, and no word from Bill Clark.

The following morning I began dictating the draft of a letter of resignation, although I did not sign it. The possibility that matters could be explained still existed. Word of my "threat to resign" quickly leaked to the press. I called Vice President Bush. "The American people can't be served by this," I told him. "Of course you chair the NSC in the President's absence. We didn't need to say it. I have been dealt with duplicitously, George. The President has been used. I need a public reaffirmation of my role or I can't stay here."

Soon Reagan called. In fact, he was able to explain the misunderstanding. He regarded the new arrangement as a mere housekeeping detail, a formality. Lack of communication, aggravated by staff mischief, was the root problem. I was convinced that Ed Meese had been as misled as the President. The trouble lay elsewhere in the President's staff.

Reagan said that he had received complaints from other Cabinet officers about "steamroller tactics" in connection with issues that interested me. Perhaps the President agreed with them.

"Do we have different conceptions of what your foreign policy should be, Mr. President?" I asked.

Reagan, exasperated, raised his voice. "Damn it, Al," he said, "we have the same views, and I need you!"

A few days later—at 2:35 p.m. on Monday, March 30—the State Department command center informed me that the television networks were reporting that a gunman had fired shots at

President Reagan as he left the Washington Hilton Hotel but that the President had escaped injury. I picked up a telephone connected to a direct White House line. James Baker told me that the first report was inaccurate. The President had been struck "in the back" by a bullet. "It looks quite serious," Baker said. "I'm going to the hospital."

Vice President Bush was in Texas. "I will move immediately to the White House," I said. Baker agreed. "You will be my point of contact."

In my car, my mind filled with memories of the day on which President Kennedy was assassinated and the sense of shock and sorrow that overcame the nation. Now the terrible blow had fallen again. On arrival at the White House, I learned that all the President's senior aides had rushed to the hospital. "Has the Vice President been informed?" I asked. The answer was no. Bush was airborne, flying from Dallas to Austin. I telephoned him on his plane and recommended he return to Washington at once.

To Allen, I suggested that the Secretary of Defense, the Attorney General and the director of Central Intelligence be asked to join Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan, who was already present, Allen and me in the Situation Room.

Weinberger and Casey were the last to arrive. Each member of the crisis team in his turn gave the newcomers a report on his activities. Weinberger seemed somewhat self-conscious. Perhaps he was embarrassed by his late arrival. Abruptly, he said, "I have raised the alert status of our forces."

I was shocked. Any such change would be detected promptly by the Soviet Union. In response, the Russians might raise their own alert status, and that could cause a further escalation on our side. The news would exacerbate the existing climate of anxiety and anger and fear. Moreover,

the Soviet leaders might very well conclude that the U.S., in a flight of paranoia, believed that the U.S.S.R. was involved in the attempt to assassinate the President. Why would we alert our military forces if a lone psychotic had been responsible?

"Cap," I said, "what do you mean? Will you please tell us exactly what you've done." He had some difficulty specifying. This was natural enough: he had been Secretary of Defense for barely 70 days, hardly long enough to absorb the complete vocabulary of the job. I kept pressing him. He said he had ordered pilots of the Strategic Air Command to their bases.

"Then you've raised the Defcon [defense condition]," I said. He disagreed. This raised the temperature of the conversation. I began to suspect that Weinberger did not know what he had done. He left the room to telephone in private. He was absent for perhaps ten minutes. When he returned, he told us, unequivocally, that he had not formally raised the alert status of our forces. He had merely sent a message to field commanders informing them officially of the situation in Washington. Most important, U.S. strategic forces remained in their normal defense condition.

A short time later, I turned my chair and craned to hear what the assistant White House press secretary, Larry Speakes, was saying on television. The room was hushed. It was oppressively hot. It appeared that Speakes had been waylaid by the



My appearance became a celebrated media happening. It is now far too late to correct the impressions made.

Addressing the White House press the day Reagan was shot

■ SPECIAL SECTION

press as he returned to the White House from the hospital, and he was fending off hard questions that reporters were hurling at him.

An official White House spokesman was being asked who was running the government at a time of national crisis, and he was responding that he did not know. He was being asked if the country was being defended, and he was saying that he did not know. This was no fault of Speakes'. He had not been part of our group. "This is very bad," Allen said. "We have to do something." "We've got to get him off," I said. Allen and I dashed out of the Situation Room and ran headlong up the narrow stairs. Then we hurried along the jigsaw passageways of the West Wing and into the press room. With Allen at my side, I made the following statement:

"I just wanted to touch on a few matters associated with today's tragedy. First, as you know, we are in close touch with the Vice President, who is returning to Washington. We have in the Situation Room all of the officials of the Cabinet who should be here at this time. We have informed our friends abroad of the situation. The President's condition, as we know it, is stable, [he is] now undergoing surgery. There are absolutely no alert measures that are necessary at this time that we're contemplating."

I then took questions and was asked, "Who is making the decisions for the government right now?"

My reply: "Constitutionally, gentlemen, you have the President, the Vice President and the Secretary of State in that order, and should the President decide he wants to transfer the helm to the Vice President, he will do so. He has not done that. As of now, I am in control here, in the White House, pending return of the Vice President and in close touch with him. If something came up, I would check with him, of course."

On my return to the Situation Room, Weinberger expressed displeasure at my statement on the alert status of American forces. I was surprised. "Cap, are we or are we not on an increased alert status?" Instead of answering my question in direct fashion, he made some remarks that were less than relevant about the status of Soviet submarines off our coasts.

Weinberger added that Ed Meese had told him on the telephone that the Secretary of Defense was third in line of command after the President and Vice President. On defense matters, this was quite true, but the question was moot. The Vice President would be back in Washington in little more than two hours.

My remark that I was "in control... pending return of the Vice President" was a statement of the fact that I was the senior Cabinet officer present. I was talking about the arrangements we had made in the Situation Room for the three- or four-hour period in which we awaited the return of the Vice President from Texas. Less precise, though in the same context, was my statement that "constitutionally... you have the President, the Vice President and the Secretary of State, in that order." I ought to have said "traditionally" or "administratively" instead of "constitutionally."

If, at the time, anyone had suggested to me that I believed that the Secretary of State was third in order of succession to



My style earned me the nickname Commander in Chief of the World.

The image that rankled Reagan's men

at this time that we're

respect for the tragedy of the occasion.

The "take charge" image had taken hold even before March 30. Only a few weeks before, my photograph (jaw jutting, arms akimbo) had been on the cover of TIME magazine. With the insouciant hyperbole for which that publication is famous, the caption read "Taking Command." Inside, under a bold line reading "The Vicar Takes Charge," the editors devoted several pages of snaredrum prose to an account of my life and a description of the Reagan foreign policy. ABC reported: "The sight of Alexander Haig taking command on the cover of TIME magazine was more than some of the President's aides could take, and since its publication there have been several obvious White House putdowns... The problem seems to be that some of Mr. Reagan's closest advisers see Haig as a political competitor who must be reminded that while he may be vicar, he is not the Pope."

In days to follow, my vicarhood was recertified by "officials" and "presidential assistants" with more zeal than was perhaps good for it. When I departed two days later for a diplomatic tour of the Middle East, the White House, in an official statement, said that I was leaving "in the full colors of the Secretary of State and with the full confidence of the President." TIME described the issuance of the statement as an "extraordinary step."

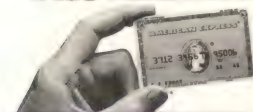
So it was. Never had so many anonymous people been so eager to reassure the world in such an intensive way that I was not only competent, I was also quite "steady." But newsmen, canny skeptics that they are, were stimulated by all this reassurance to ask themselves, and their readers: If this fellow is *really* all right, why do they insist on telling us that he's all right? ■

*The Presidential Succession Act of 1947, not the Constitution, specifies that after the Vice President, the presidency passes to the Speaker of the House, then to the president pro tempore of the Senate, then to the Secretary of State, then down through the Cabinet. It was according to this law that Speaker of the House Carl Albert was, for almost two months in 1973, in line to succeed Nixon after the resignation of Vice President Spiro Agnew. Nixon appointed Gerald Ford as Vice President under the terms of the 25th Amendment, ratified in 1967.

■ Next Week

"My frankness may startle," writes Haig, "and, at moments, it has been painful to write the truth." But, he adds, "I could not do otherwise." In the final excerpt from his memoir, Haig recounts: ■ Concerns that Poland would explode in violence. ■ "My Waterloo"—his venture at shuttle diplomacy in the Falklands crisis. ■ Israel's invasion of Lebanon. ■ How he lost his battle to win Ronald Reagan's support.

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Law

The Trouble with Harry

A federal judge goes on trial in Nevada on bribery charges

Judge Harry Claiborne seemed at ease last week in Courtroom 2 of the gray marble federal courthouse in Reno. He leaned back in his chair, stroked a finger across his lips, and listened serenely to the testimony in a criminal trial. But Claiborne, 66, chief judge of Nevada's U.S. District Court, was observing the proceedings from a new perspective. He was not the presiding judge, but the defendant, the second sitting federal judge in U.S. history to be tried for offenses allegedly committed while serving on the bench. The charges against Claiborne: taking bribes, obstructing justice and filing false income tax returns.

Claiborne's defenders say that the judge is the target of a vendetta by federal authorities who are unhappy with some of his rulings. Among them: Claiborne's occasional refusal to issue search warrants and his dismissal of several cases brought before him by the U.S. Government. Oscar Goodman, Claiborne's chief counsel, says that the judge is a victim of the long-running feud between federal lawmen and the Nevada Establishment. Says he: "The feds have tried to create the picture that we're all crooks and Mafia soldiers crawling around here."

His opinion is shared by many local citizens. Asserts Hank Greenspun, the publisher of the Las Vegas Sun: "If you're a Nevadan, you're guilty until proved innocent." Federal investigators adamantly defend their actions. Nevada, says retired FBI Agent Joseph Yablonsky, who headed the Claiborne probe, has too long operated like "a foreign protectorate... We've had to plant the American flag in the desert."

Federal law officials began concentrating on the state in the 1960s when an influx of Teamster money fueled an explosive growth in Las Vegas casinos and heightened the interest of organized crime in gambling. By the 1970s, the FBI, the IRS and the SEC had all launched investigations. The federal-local battle was joined in 1979 when U.S. agents began to track Claiborne.

Appointed to the bench in 1978 by President Jimmy Carter, Claiborne had been a highly successful local criminal lawyer, numbering reputed Las Vegas mobsters among his satisfied clients. A twice-divorced bachelor with a taste for young women, Claiborne owned three

cars and lived in a \$250,000 home. From the start, he was not overly hospitable to federal outsiders. He once threatened to jail an IRS agent and an Assistant U.S. Attorney, and publicly assailed the Justice Department's local Organized Crime Strike Force for going after "little fish." When the agents went after Big Fish Claiborne, they looked into reports that he had once used a private detective to bug illegally the home of a former girlfriend, and a grand jury failed to indict the judge. "A bunch of crooks out to destroy Nevada," said Claiborne of the investigators.

Enter Agent Yablonsky, now 55. Yablonsky immediately ruffled the local es-



Defendant Claiborne on his way to court



Publisher Greenspun

establishment with his aggressive style. He installed a hot line for Nevada residents reporting official corruption and pursued investigations that helped to indict reputed underworld figures involved in skimming profits at casinos. He also targeted Claiborne, reportedly telling acquaintances that he wanted the judge's picture hanging on his wall. But the trophy stayed out of reach until the arrival of an unlikely ally: Nevada Brothel Operator Joseph Conforte, whom Claiborne had once successfully defended against a charge of white slavery.

Even in a state that has legalized sin,

Conforte, 58, falls into a special category. He set up shop in the 1950s, building the Mustang Ranch outside Reno into Nevada's biggest bordello. Over the years, Conforte has been linked to political payoffs, arson and murder. In the 1960s he served time for attempted extortion and tax evasion. In 1980 he faced five years in federal prison for a conviction in another tax case. He was also up on a state charge of bribery, and the local D.A. was talking about seeking a life sentence for Conforte as a habitual criminal. Conforte skipped to Brazil, but within months he was in touch with federal authorities.

Last week, testifying in a raspy Sicilian accent, Conforte said that in Decem-



Ex-Agent Yablonsky; Witness Conforte

ber 1978 he paid Claiborne \$30,000 to help quash grand jury subpoenas for two of his prostitutes who had been called as witnesses in a probe of voter fraud. Three months later, Conforte said, he again met with Claiborne, who suggested that he could get a federal appeals court to overturn Conforte's tax conviction. Conforte testified that the judge told him, "We need \$100,000 to get things started." With that, Conforte produced \$55,000 in bills and stuffed them in Claiborne's pockets. Claiborne denies all charges.

His lawyers argue that the grand jury subpoenas were not quashed, and Conforte's tax conviction was upheld. In cross-examination the defense attacked Conforte's motives, pointing out that his prison sentence has been cut from five years to 15 months. Conforte admitted that his tax debt, estimated to be as high as \$20 million, had been reduced to \$7.3 million. Contends Chief Counsel Goodman: "It's a tremendously weak and vindictive case."

Not so, says the Government, which is prepared to call some 80 other witnesses. The prosecution has introduced evidence, including canceled checks, to show that the judge failed to declare part of his income. The unofficial line among Las Vegas bookmakers makes Claiborne only a 7-to-5 underdog. Explains one bookie: "The evidence against him is strong. But Harry has an awful lot of friends in Nevada." —By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Reno

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Computers



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROLD FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Register, manager of a computer store in Apex, N.C. Apple's engineers, who decided not to make their machine compatible with IBM's PC or their own Apple II line, were able to take advantage of the increased power of the latest generation of silicon chips and new software that has made the Macintosh attractive to computer novices. "Once I saw the Macintosh I knew I wanted it," says Richard Petroca, a civil engineer from Long Island who uses the machine for letters and business reports. "It's easy to use, and it's fast."

The machine has even caught the fancy of some Fortune 500 companies, a market Apple had temporarily abandoned to IBM's more seasoned direct-sales force. The accounting firm of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co. has ordered 3,500 Macintoshes for use in its 200 offices around the country. Later this month Businessland, a computer distributor that had previously concentrated on IBM machines, will add Mac to its product line. Two other national retail chains, ComputerLand and Sears, are reported to be eyeing the new Apple.

Should Mac make inroads in the corporate market, 1984 sales could reach 500,000. This assumes, however, that delays do not occur in the shipments of component parts, especially the next generation of larger-capacity memory chips.

It is always dangerous to second-guess IBM, and nobody is about to write off the PCjr. IBM has just begun to roll out the Peanut's estimated \$40 million advertising and promotion budget, and it may yet correct some of the machine's deficiencies. Says Bill Wallace, co-president of the Dallas-based Compro computer-store chain: "IBM will do whatever fine tuning it has to do to make its product viable." In fact, says Ulric Weil, a computer analyst at Morgan Stanley, IBM could sell as many as half a million PCjrs by year's end if it cuts its price by at least 15%. Warns Weil: "It's premature to eulogize the Junior."

Conventional wisdom maintains that computer buyers care less about technical achievement than about such factors as continuity, compatibility and customer support, prime virtues of IBM. In the volatile computer business, however, history has shown that significant technical achievements can attract consumers away from the most deeply entrenched standards. Two examples: in the mid-1960s the minicomputers emerged and captured a sizable portion of the market once dominated by big mainframe computers; in the late 1970s microcomputers took business away from both mainframes and minis. Now Apple's Macintosh may be providing another example of dubious conventional wisdom. —By Philip Elmer-DeWitt, Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Michael Moritz/San Francisco

The Peanut Meets the Mac

New entries from IBM and Apple battle for attention

When IBM introduced the PCjr last fall, it seemed to many industry observers that the personal-computer game was over. Initial buyer interest in the \$1,269 machine was so feverish that sales of competing models slumped months before the so-called Peanut arrived at retail stores. Many dealers felt they would be selling PCjrs as fast as IBM could turn them out. "The market is voting with dollars," said David Wagman of Softel, the country's largest independent software distributor. "And it's saying, 'IBM will be our standard.'"

Now those predictions appear to have been too sunny. Although IBM expects to ship more than three times as many personal computers this year (an estimated 2 million) as it did in 1983, many of the 1,400 dealers who carry the new PCjr have yet to sell even their initial 25-machine allotments. "Inventory is beginning to pile up," says Alexander Stein, an analyst with Dataquest, a California research firm. Says one New York City dealer: "A Cabbage Patch doll it isn't."

Moreover, Apple Computer, which has been siphoning customers from Junior with price cuts on its \$1,395 Apple IIe, has captured the imagination of much of the industry with its two-month-old \$2,495 Macintosh computer. Since the Mac does not adhere to IBM's programming specifications, its success directly challenges the standards set by the flagship of IBM's personal-computer line, the venerable and highly popular IBM PC.

Those standards are part of Junior's problem. IBM made the PCjr partly compatible with the PC, which means the smaller machine can run some programs

written for the PC. But IBM engineers did not make it compatible enough. Internal differences prevent the PCjr from using more than 50% of the PC's rich library of software. Among the supplements it cannot accommodate are such market favorites as the bestselling business program Lotus 1-2-3. "When a consumer walks in the door, he is under the impression that the PCjr will run most of the IBM software," says Leon Wilson, general manager of Chicago's Computer World stores. "That impression is incorrect."

The Junior's other problems are more visible. Dealers and users alike complain about its toylike appearance, its Chiclet-shaped keys, the built-in design barriers that make it difficult to expand the machine's memory or attach extra disc drives. But its biggest drawback has been price. In the market for home computers, where most machines sell for under \$300, even the stripped-down \$669 version of the PCjr seems overpriced. "For its level of performance," says William Bowman, chairman of Spinnaker, a leading software publisher, "it is simply the most expensive machine on the market." Although the Macintosh was actually aimed to compete with the bigger IBM PC, the price difference between Mac and the Peanut shrinks to about \$300 when the costs of IBM's color monitor, joystick and software programs are added on.

The Macintosh has not only received consumer acceptance, it has even generated excitement. "I've never seen anything like it," says one Manhattan dealer who sold four Macs the first day and has back orders for another 80. "We can't get enough of the Macintosh," reports Greg

Video



Allie (Jane Curtin) and Kate (Susan Saint James) make a witty, distaff odd couple

On the Town on the Tube

Four CBS shows feature sassy, streetwise women

In TV mythology, New York is Sin City: garbage on the streets, porno on the screens and larceny in the heart. And New York City women? Talk about pushy. Take Rhoda. Please. She was meant to be the quintessential New York woman, and she stood out like a kosher pickle on Minneapolis white bread. In the land of sitcoms, New York has rarely been a laughing matter. In fact, there has not been a successful sitcom set in the Big Apple since *Taxi* drove onto the screen in 1978, and with the exception of Rhoda no single woman has found a home there since Marlo Thomas perkily impersonated *That Girl*.

But that was yesterday. Now CBS is busily refurbishing the image of the city and its inhabitants. Four of the network's current shows revolve around street-smart New York women, all but one of them single, and none a ditsy ingénue. *Cagney & Lacey* and the newest show, *Kate & Allie*, feature pairs of female buddies trying to cope; *Mama Malone* and *Suzanne Pleshette Is Maggie Briggs* showcase brassy and boisterous women who cannot help stirring up trouble.

For the past 15 years, Maggie Briggs has chased sirens as a hard-boiled reporter for the mythical *New York Examiner*. But she and her beefy sidekick, played with vulgar charm by Kenneth McMillan, have been lured into the newspaper's revamped Modern Living section, home for stories about boutiques and Mexican restaurants. "Walter," she recalls, "I saw my first dead body with you." Replies Walter: "Good times can't last forever, kid." The sassy and seasoned Pleshette could do credit to any town and role, but of all the show's fixtures only she seems credible. The hyperthyroid *Examin-*

er newsroom has untimely been ripped from *The Front Page*, the news is more suited to Poughkeepsie than Manhattan, and the other reporters are too blatant even for journalists.

Mama Malone is as proficient at making pasta as Maggie is at concocting stories. The voluminous star runs a TV cooking show from the kitchen of her walk-up apartment in Brooklyn. When she brays, "We'll be right back," the actual show also breaks for a commercial. But the spice of the device is soon overwhelmed by Mama's overcooked material. The failure is not the fault of Lila Kaye, late of the Royal Shakespeare Company (she was

Mrs. Squeers and Mrs. Crummies in *Nicholas Nickleby*). Kaye plays Mama with manic élan, but she is giving flesh—kilos of it—to an ethnic stereotype that should have gone out with the organ grinder and his monkey.

Although the most authentic New York touch about *Cagney & Lacey* is the latter's Bronx accent ("I swear I'll take ya outta the game"), the relationship between the leads is canny and convincing. The pair do a balancing act: Cagney is hard bitten on the outside, a soft touch underneath; Lacey, played with subtlety and warmth by Tyne Daly, is motherly in manner but rough with the "poipatraters." The original show was canceled last spring, but CBS decided to bring it back to life in part because of a deluge of protest mail from viewers who responded to strong, intelligent female characters.

Those viewers should be delighted by *Kate and Allie*. The show, starring Jane Curtin of *Saturday Night Live* and Susan Saint James (*McMillan and Wife: The Name of the Game*), is a witty rein-terpretation of *The Odd Couple*, plus three children. Both women are unabashedly in their 30s, divorced and skeptical about the mating game. If Mary Tyler Moore developed a split personality, her two halves could be spun off as Kate and Allie. Played in wound-up preprie style by Curtin, Allie is the kind of roommate



Pleshette

who makes meatloaf while wearing pearls. Kate, a low-key tomboy, tries to unstarve Allie by taking her camping. "Come on, I'll teach you to make a fire by rubbing two credit cards together." Both women are ruthlessly verbal and seem actually to have read books. Although there is nothing overtly urban about the show, the clipped backchat makes it the most cosmopolitan of them all and in fact the only one that is entirely filmed in Manhattan.

CBS is obviously hoping that these up-scale comedies will attract upscale viewers, beloved of advertisers. Ironies are obvious: once the network that offered a haven for counterfitted fare like *Green Acres* and *The Beverly Hillbillies*, CBS has slowly been re-gentrifying itself. With three more pilots set in New York on the way, it seems ready to march to a different anthem: "My little town blues are melting away, I'll make a brand-new start of it/ in old New York." CBS and Manhattan may seem like another odd coupling, but given the influx of new shows, it just might take.

—By Richard Stengel



Lacey (Tyne Daly) and Cagney (Sharon Gless) hang tough

"I swear I'll take ya outta the game."

People



Johnson: still on the fast track

The snow had barely melted from Olympic Gold Medalist **Bill Johnson's** skis before the brash Californian was burning up yet another course last week. Johnson's current speeding is not on the slopes of Canada's Whistler Mountain, where he won the final race of the men's World Cup downhill season earlier this month.



Brown: Soy sauce and ketchup?

but on the horizontal track at California's Riverside International Raceway. Johnson, who was gearing up for the pro-celebrity during the Toyota Grand Prix to be held this week in Long Beach, Calif., is typically nonchalant about trading in his skis for fast wheels. Says he: "Like skiing, it was tough at first, but I learned quickly." Adds his father Wally: "He could always drive fast. The only time the cops caught him was when he was asleep." Sure, but what about racing in the big leagues? "I'll win," says John-

son, proving that even on asphalt his cocky confidence doesn't change.

"A brilliant piece of work that reflects the way that we live." At least that's how former California Governor **Jerry Brown** saw his startlingly modern portrait. But some legislators failed to share Brown's view of the painting by Santa Monica Artist **Don Bachardy**, which they said looked more like spilled soy sauce and ketchup than art. Cracked State Senator **Newton Russell**: "Do we have any room in the head?" Aesthetically conservative lawmakers balked at putting the work, with its multicolored brush strokes, next to the sober portraits of Brown's 33 predecessors. More pragmatic pots argued that there was simply no more room in the capitol's main corridor, where pictures are traditionally hung. Last week the joint rules committee settled the issue by voting for the muse: the painting was consigned to a prominent—and solitary—place on the third-floor landing.

Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's ... **Supergirl!**

That's right, earthlings. In **Supergirl**, which is due out this summer, we learn that the Man of Steel has a cousin, Kara, who fled the doomed city of Argo, a floating chip off their old home planet, Krypton, and landed in Midvale, Ill., where she assumed the identity of a Midwestern



Major stardom is a single bound: Slater as Supergirl

teen-ager. Got that? Anyway, with her muscle-bound relative away on an intergalactic mission, Kara, played by Newcomer **Helen Slater**, 20, is kept busy battling megabaddies like the evil witch Selena, portrayed by **Faye Dunaway**, 43. To prepare for her flying scenes, Slater talked with **Christopher Reeve**, who starred as **Superman I to III**. Says Slater: "Once you get past that feeling of being help-

lessly trapped in a harness and suspended by wires, you can enjoy swooshing around 180 feet above the ground."

No Irishman worth his bonnet would think of celebrating St. Patrick's Day without a shamrock. Least of all the 700 lads of the 1st Battalion Irish Guards, serving with the British Army of the Rhine in West Germany. Since 1965, the happy task of bringing a bit o' the green to the boys of the brigade has gone to **Elizabeth**, the Queen Mother. This year was no exception. To the stirring strains of the regimental band's bagpipes, fifes and drums, the Queen Mum presented her troops with fresh sprigs of three-leaf clover, which they stuck into the braiding of their caps. Then the commanding officer cried, "Three cheers for the Queen Mother!" whereupon there was a rousing "Hip, hip, hooray!" As the band struck up the chords of the St. Patrick's Day march and the men filed past their royal chief, Irish eyes were brightly smiling.

—By Guy D. Garcia



Lack of the Irish: the Queen Mum with guardsmen in Münster

Sport

A Trying Time for Rookies

Making their pitch, hoping to be a hit

In spring, all the hopeful rookies, aging veterans and years run together, usually in the outfield after a few innings of play, alongside a fence covered with advertisements as the game goes on. Sometimes it seems that there is only one person out there running, always the same man, that he runs until he's old and then he runs until he's young again.

It's a cloudless day in Winter Haven, Fla., where everyone has been taken with No. 21, both the age and the uniform of Boston Red Sox Pitcher Roger Clemens, a righthander who won the deciding game of the past college world series for the University of Texas and spent last summer brightening two minor leagues. Against Detroit a few days ago, Clemens struck out three men on ten pitches, causing Tiger Manager Sparky Anderson to proclaim, "This is the best, most poised young pitcher I've seen since Tom Seaver: great rising fastball, pretty good curve, and he don't get scattery."

The Red Sox are playing Los Angeles now, and Sandy Koufax, who did get scattery when he was 21, has momentarily reappeared at 48 in his Dodger uniform. "One year I got so tired of trying to find home plate," he says, "I dumped all of my equipment in the clubhouse trash can and walked out." Koufax begins to tell a story of his first game at Brooklyn's Ebbets Field, and just as he is giving up a double to Sam Mele, who should happen by in a Red Sox suit but Mele. This is the charm of spring training. Ted Williams is studying Clemens from the rightfield bullpen and slowly working his wrists. Carl Yastrzemski looks up from giving instructions to a nonroster player in a distant batting cage. And sitting in the stands, smiling softly under a baseball cap, is Cecil ("Tex") Hughson, 68, the Red Sox pitching phenom of the '40s, who wore No. 21.

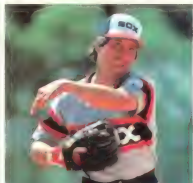
Near by in Sarasota, Chicago White Sox Pitcher Tom Seaver and Catcher Carlton Fisk are still getting acquainted. "Let's just go out and work," Seaver suggested before their first game. "I'll throw, you catch, and we'll sit down and talk about particulars later." The result was three hitless innings, and Seaver is rejuvenated at 39. Had the New York Mets not bungled and lost Seaver in the compensation draft, he would have been certain of his 15th opening-day start, leaving Walter Johnson in the dust. As it turns out, a surprising 19-year-old named Dwight Gooden could open for the Mets, while



Roberto Jr. has his father's stance



Clemens was a college hero; Lefty Squires will give third a try



Seaver may have to follow behind several White Sox pitchers. But he seems unconcerned. A whole new league and audience await him. "I hope I pitch well for them," he says quietly and adds lyrically, "I've never been inside Fenway. It should be an adventure."

It certainly should be. The White Sox are proposing to play a lefthanded fielder at third base. Only a few loitering pitchers have tried it since Washington First Baseman Joe Kuhel attempted one game in 1936, and the modern record for swiveling 90° pivots must have been set by Wee Willie Koeler in 44 games over six seasons at the turn of the century. Manager Tony La Russa's idea is to excuse regular Third Baseman Vance Law from facing the ace righthanders and hope the lefthanded bat of former Gold Glove First Baseman Mike Squires is not offset by a nightmare of swinging bunts. "There is a no man's land halfway between the mound and third," Squires admits, "but how many people can bump the ball consistently? Our pitchers will have to help."

Jim Kaat, probably the best fielding pitcher in history, a collector of 16 gold gloves, is leaning back on a bench in Bradenton, the first Pirate to arrive for the day's game. He is the most experienced major leaguer of all, 25 seasons, 26 if he latches on with Pittsburgh or some other team this year. This appears unlikely. Frankly, his seventh big-league uniform, bright yellow with black stripes, is not his particular favorite. "I feel like a school bus with lips," he says. But he expresses no self-consciousness trying out at 45. "All of us can't leave like Carl Yastrzemski or Johnny Bench," he says. "I don't feel like a one-dimensional person, but I just want to play. Pete Rose wants 200 more hits, but I just want to face one more batter, experience that wonderful anxiety one more time, and then one more time after that."

Before reporting to the Pirates, Kaat had occasion to serve as a counselor in one of those "fantasy camps" now in vogue, where big leaguers present and past drill middle-aged dreamers at perhaps \$2,500 a head. "There was this woman playing second base, a 50-year-old woman," he says, "who kept getting bowled over by the runners and still kept coming up holding the ball. She was a gamer. The enthusiasm of those people—I'm not kidding, you had to drag them off the field. Well, it was inspiring." As the other Pirates start to arrive, Kaat pulls on his glove. "Just think," he says, heading out to the bullpen, "I don't even have to pay the \$2,500."

Not in the Pirates' camp, as one might expect, but in the Phillies' quarters at Clearwater, Roberto Clemente Jr., 18, is among the fledglings starting out in gray

Sour Grapes in the Big Apple

Restaurant patrons are forbidden to carry in their own wine

T shirts without numbers, just names stenciled on the back. There seem to be thousands of them. Clemente's shirt says BAMBÌ "because that's my nickname in Puerto Rico," he says, "and because I want to have my own name." Not intending that to sound harsh, he quickly goes on, "I think of my father all the time, both the player and the man. They say I was six and don't remember him as a player, but I do. I know he gave all he had, and just like him, I'm going to give all I have. I'm sure I have baseball in my blood, but I also like it. I'm not replacing my father, just starting off where he did." Young Clemente is slender but looks strong, maybe 5 ft. 11 in., maybe 170 lbs., and he is specific about his position. "I'm a right-fielder," he says.

—By Tom Callahan

Dallas Gusher

The Cowboys bring big bucks

Bought by Millionaire Oilman Clint Murchison for \$600,000 in 1960, the Dallas Cowboys were sold for some \$75 million last week to an eleven-member local consortium headed by Multimillionaire H.R. ("Bum") Bright, who likened the purchase to art collecting ("You can enjoy it even though you didn't paint it"), and promised not to call any plays. "It will provide some return but not a good one," said Bright, whose 17% constitutes the largest share. "You would do better in Government bonds."

Perhaps, but the price of a pending sale of the Denver Broncos is reportedly not much lower. The Dallas transaction, largest in sports history, includes \$20 million for the remaining 65 years on the lease to operate Texas Stadium, where Bright, 63, is shortly expected to announce a building boom in luxury boxes, the sale of which could bring \$40 million (one stadium box recently went for \$1 million). Real Estate Executive Craig Hall, 33, a 10% holder, said, "Nobody is looking to take large dividends. The investment will continue to appreciate if the team is allowed to maintain its standards of quality."

Regarding that last point, Tom Landry, the only man to coach the Cowboys since the National Football League awarded Dallas an expansion franchise 24 years ago, sounded skeptical. "I don't think anything is ever the same," Landry said. A model owner, Murchison was patient in the beginning and unobtrusive to the end. He decided last year to sell the team to settle the estate of his late brother and because of his own ill health. Although Dallaine W.O. Bankston, the largest Lincoln-Mercury dealer in the U.S., was unsuccessful in his bid to acquire the most recognizable property in Texas, he said proudly, "At least there's not another city in the U.S. where a man could have a \$600,000 investment and sell it for \$75 million." ■

Even for a town given to loud arguments over potholes and Billy Martin, the latest squabble in New York City seemed frivolous. To some, it became known as the Great Brown-Bagging Controversy. But to others, it looked more like a tempest in a wine cooler. It all began with an innocent New York Times story about 16 restaurants that permitted patrons to bring in their own wine. In Manhattan, where a \$5 bottle of wine can cost \$15 in a moderately priced restaurant, many customers beat the system by finding a dining spot without a liquor license and then carrying their own bottles to the establishment in a brown paper bag. The January Times story delighted many of its readers but roused the state liquor authority (SLA).

Acting on a near forgotten law of 1969, the SLA sent tart notes to owners of ten of the Times's restaurants that did not have licenses. The letter ordered them to stop the practice of brown bagging on threat of fines or imprisonment for up to a year. The order astonished the restaurateurs, many of whom had never heard of the rule. "We were stunned," said Gerald Holmes, co-owner of the Grove Street Café. Cynthia Walsh, co-owner of Summerhouse, a Madison Avenue restaurant, said she was losing customers and \$1,000 a day by complying with the state directive. Grove Street Café and Summerhouse are just two of several hundred bring-your-own-bottle restaurants in New York City. Some of these establishments are ineligible to serve alcohol because they are within 200 feet of a church or school; others are waiting for the state bureaucracy to okay their license applications, a process that can take as long as a year.

Like many controversies in the Big Apple, this one quickly involved the ebullient, omniactive Mayor Edward Koch. Alfredo Viazzi, owner of Trattoria da Alfredo, a pocket-size Greenwich Village eating house, squealed to the press that his owner was a frequent brown-bagging customer. What is more, Viazzi dared the liquor authority to do something about it. After all, Viazzi said, "nobody is going to arrest the mayor. It's crazy. I've been letting my customers carry in their own wine for 12½ years and keeping everybody happy. Now they find an old dusty law and they make everybody unhappy."

Reporters promptly cornered the mayor, who proved no fan of the state liquor authority crackdown. "It's archaic, it's arcane, it's stupid," Koch fumed. "It'll raise the price of dinner. You like to get a little bargain now and then. I mean, that's what life is all about." Koch suggested that the SLA suspend its directive.

His advice did not meet with enthusiastic approval at the state agency. Said Anthony Papa of the SLA: "The mayor gets what, \$110,000? For him to be brown bagging is ridiculous." Papa then countered with a blatant diversion, urging that Koch suspend the city's crazy-quilt parking regulations. Gibed Papa: "Those aren't too popular, are they?"

Seizing the high ground, the mayor said he did not break the law lightly, but in this case, his act was required by "the cause of freedom." In a letter to Anthony V. Gazzara, chairman of the SLA, Koch vowed he would go on breaking the law, adding that "the question then will be whether you shall arrest the restaurateur or me."

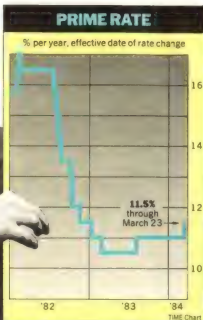
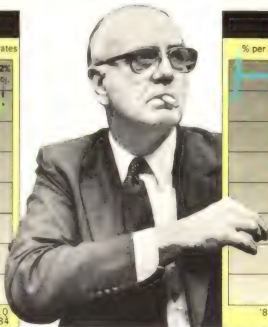
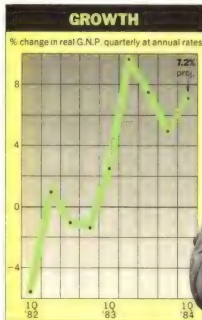
New York is hardly alone in its bottle dilemma. Other jurisdictions, including California and the District of Columbia,



Koch with an offending brown-bagged bottle

A bargain is what life is all about.

technically forbid brown bagging but allow it in practice. (Some states, such as Illinois and Massachusetts, have no laws prohibiting customers from bringing alcoholic beverages into restaurants.) To straighten out the New York mess, legislative wheels are now in motion for passage of an amendment allowing brown bagging with the consent of restaurant owners. Officials at the SLA are taking the position that they were only doing their job. "We're dutybound to go after [violations]," said one spokesman. "If people don't like the law, let them change it." ■



Economy & Business

Volcker Is on the Spot Again

Will stronger growth force the Federal Reserve to raise interest rates?

Ever since the recovery began in December 1982, economists have been scanning the horizon for shoals that could endanger or wreck growth. Last week a couple appeared, and it will require some expert seamanship by policymakers to keep the economy on course. Early in the week, big U.S. banks boosted the benchmark prime rate from 11% to 11½%, the first such increase in seven months. The very next day, the Commerce Department weighed in with a "flash estimate" showing that the gross national product in the first quarter is rising at the unexpectedly brisk annual rate of 7.2%.

The G.N.P. announcement touched off fears of an overheated economy that could bubble over into higher prices—fears that were not stilled by the report at week's end that the consumer price index rose only a modest 4% in February, a smaller increase than in January. If rapid growth continues and prices climb, the Federal Reserve can be expected to push up interest rates. They might eventually go high enough to cause a repetition of the spiral of 1980-81, when the record cost of borrowing brought on the 1981-82 recession.

The interest-rate hike and fears about more to come sent the Dow Jones industrial average down nearly 30 points during the week, after a 44.60-point rise the

week before. It finished at 1154.84. Shaky for months, bond prices weakened again. As the markets fluttered, analysts and investors turned once more to their favorite sport: watching the Federal Reserve Board's every move. The policymaking Open Market Committee is due to meet early this week to review the state of the economy and set interest-rate guidelines, and many moneymen fear that it will tighten up rates because of the first quarter's strong growth. Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker conceded last week that the economy is facing a "critical period."

The 7.2% leap in the first-quarter G.N.P. took virtually all economists by surprise. Only two weeks ago, a survey of 48 forecasters by Blue Chip Economic Indicators, a Sedona, Ariz., newsletter, produced a consensus prediction that growth would be only 5.7% during the period. Observed Charles Schultze, a chief economist under President Carter: "In hindsight, it is surprising to see the continued strength of housing, the auto industry and business investment in the face of such high interest rates."

Still, the first-quarter surge is viewed as an aberration. In part, it was fueled by high levels of construction and retail sales in January, caused by extremely cold

weather in December that pushed some of the usual business from that month into the next. Government economists also note that automotive assembly plants have advanced production from late spring into the first quarter in anticipation of shutdowns for new-model retooling. In addition, farmers got a one-shot boost during the quarter from the payment-in-kind program, which will not be repeated. Economists generally expect that the first quarter will be the year's strongest, and that growth during the second quarter will run around 4.4%.

Reagan Administration officials insisted that the sudden growth was not worrisome. Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige called it "a temporary acceleration in the expansion." Concurred Martin Feldstein, the President's chief economic adviser: "I'm not worried about overheating at this time."

Private economists agree. As Irvin Kellner, chief economist of New York City's Manufacturers Hanover Trust, points out, unemployment remains at 7.8%, well above the 6% at which labor shortages might begin to push up prices. Factories are operating at only 80.7% of capacity, so there is room before production bottlenecks occur that might create inflationary pressures.

Unlike the G.N.P. figures, the upward move in the prime rate was expected. In fact, it was overdue. Most other short-term interest rates have gone up over the past few months. Three-month Treasury bills, for example, have risen .75%, to 9.65%, since the beginning of the year.

Nobody knows whether the prime-rate hike signals the start of a new run-up in the cost of borrowing. Manufacturers Hanover's Kellner insists, "There is plenty of money out there. Loan demand only recently began to rise." Others see the prime rate continuing to climb, perhaps reaching 13% by year's end.

The course of interest rates and the economy depends on two imponderables. One is action by Congress on the federal deficit. Two weeks ago, President Reagan and Senate Republican leaders agreed on a three-year, \$150 billion deficit-reduction package. Democrats are working on a plan for slightly deeper cuts. Nonetheless, the deficits will remain huge. The Congressional Budget Office reported last week that even if the \$150 billion project is adopted, the deficit will be \$198 billion in fiscal year 1987. Such heavy federal borrowing will keep pressure on interest rates. Economist Robert Gough of Data Resources, a Lexington, Mass., economic-analysis firm, warns, "The business community is beginning to be crowded out of the credit markets, and I think we will see some slowdown in business spending in the months ahead."

Once again the Federal Reserve faces a dilemma. Explains Washington Economist Michael Evans: "If the Federal Reserve tightens now, it runs the risk of stopping the recovery. If it waits and tightens later, it may be closing the barn door after the horse of inflation has left."

Some conservative economists are urging the Federal Reserve to keep down the money supply with higher interest rates to prevent more inflation. They fear that signs like last week's \$4 billion jump in the basic money supply point toward sharp price increases later in the year. Indeed, Salomon Bros. Economist Henry Kaufman expects the discount rate, the price the Federal Reserve charges member banks for loans, to rise a full percentage point in the next two months. Others contend that since the money supply has been growing within its announced target range of 4% to 8%, there is no need to clamp down.

One top Federal Reserve official maintains that the central bank will raise rates if the money supply rises significantly above its targets. But he seems unperturbed about the sudden growth in the G.N.P., saying, "I'm somewhat surprised at the strength of the economy but will be terribly concerned only if growth reaches 10%." This week moneymen and the financial markets will be peering at the Federal Reserve meeting in the hope of getting a hint about future interest-rate trends.

—By Alexander L. Taylor III

Reported by Jay Byrnes/Washington and Adam Zagorin/New York

Latin America Feels the Squeeze

Rising U.S. interest rates generate jitters not just from Maine to California; they also rattle nerves in Latin America from Mexico to Argentina. Every time rates jump, so do the interest costs on the region's \$335 billion foreign debt, of which about 27% is owed to U.S. banks. For each percentage point rise in the U.S. prime and other international lending rates, the annual interest on Brazil's \$96 billion debt increases by about \$750 million, and the payments on Argentina's \$43 billion obligation go up by some \$300 million. Latin America's economies are already severely depressed, and they will not be able to tolerate major additions to their financial burden.

Since the debt crisis erupted in 1982, the Latin American countries have persuaded banks to reschedule principal payments and have relied on the International Monetary Fund for emergency loans. In return, the IMF has insisted that they adopt austerity programs to cut excessive government spending. Partly as a result of such measures, Brazil's economic output fell by 3.3% last year, and yet inflation still rages at an annual rate of 230%. Mexico, which has an \$85 billion foreign debt, suffered a decline of almost 4% in production last year, and expects no growth in 1984.

Political tension is growing. In Mexico, a coalition of opposition parties, including both conservative and socialist groups, is demanding that the country refuse to pay higher interest rates on foreign loans. In Peru, efforts to cope with a \$13 billion debt through cutbacks in government spending helped provoke last week's 24-hour general strike by labor unions.

Unlike some of its neighbors, Argentina has rebelled against further reducing growth just to pay off foreign debt. The new civilian government of President Raúl Alfonsín canceled an agreement that the old military regime had negotiated with the IMF and is asking the agency for loans on easier terms. Argentina has made no payments on its debt since October and is \$2.7 billion in arrears.

Unless the country catches up on its interest payments by the end of March, which is extremely unlikely, U.S. banks will have to classify Argentine loans as "nonperforming" and write off the missing interest against earnings. That would be a significant blow to the profits of several New York banks, including Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guaranty and Manufacturers Hanover, which together have \$3 billion on loan to Argentina. Lawrence Cohn, a banking analyst with the Dean Witter investment firm, estimates that Manufacturers Hanover's profits

will fall 15% in the first quarter compared with the same period in 1983, and that Chase Manhattan's earnings will dip 13%.

The banks are confident that Argentina will come to terms with the IMF and resume interest payments within a few months. For that to happen, however, the Argentines must convince the IMF that they can curb their 400% inflation rate. A major cause of the price explosion is the government's budget deficit, which amounts to 14% of the country's domestic production. By comparison, the federal deficit in the U.S. is about 5% of national output.

For nearly two years, the Latin American nations have narrowly avoided default through a series of debt reschedulings and IMF bailouts. But if U.S. interest rates shoot up, the patchwork will shred and the international banking system could once again be in grave danger.



Signs of distress: a shantytown near Buenos Aires

New Life for an Ancient Dream

The U.S. and China open the door to more trade

Visions of riches have drawn Americans to China ever since the first U.S. ship arrived in Canton precisely 200 years ago this summer. Last week that ancient quest continued. Led by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, a 34-member delegation journeyed to Peking in hopes of boosting commerce with the world's most populous country. Said William Clarke, the Peking-based representative of the privately run National Council for U.S.-China Trade: "The mood is good. This should be the crunch year in China trade."

Although American products ranging from corn to computers are now being

buy previously agreed upon quantities of U.S. grain. The cutbacks slashed American farm sales to China 73% below their 1981 level, to \$544 million, and raised serious doubts in some business circles about China's reliability as a trading partner.

Both sides, however, have been putting that bitterness behind them and continued to do so during last week's talks. The key agreement of the three-day session was a tax treaty, to be signed during the President's visit, which encourages U.S. firms to participate in joint ventures in China. The terms call for elimination of double taxation on the American com-

king's current five-year plan calls for construction of 890 projects through 1985. Ranging from energy to transportation ventures, they require hefty imports of machinery and equipment. Also under way is the renovation of some 3,000 facilities in industries across the country. The U.S. hopes to get a good share of the market in those development projects.

China is already bustling with American businessmen. Some 110 U.S. firms, among them such giants as Exxon and General Motors, have offices in Peking. Their major customers include the Chinese national airline, which flies Boeing and McDonnell Douglas aircraft, and the government corporation that buys grain. In all, Americans are pumping some \$685 million into Chinese ventures, the largest investment made by any nation.

Many eager U.S. businessmen, however, have rushed to Peking only to find that the tempo of dealing with the Chinese is agonizingly slow. Says J. Ray Pace, a Texan who runs a trading company that brings American and Chinese firms together: "I've had corporate executives climbing the walls in two weeks. They are used to going to a place and signing a contract in three days." But in China, well-known U.S. firms like 3M, which has an electrical-tape plant in Shanghai, typically have had to negotiate for three years before striking a deal. It took American Motors four years to set up a joint venture to build Jeeps in Peking.

Much of such extended stretches may be spent haggling over prices with the bargain-minded Chinese or simply waiting for government bureaucrats to act. Letters and telexes often go unanswered, and phone calls frequently are not returned. Months can roll by while squabbling ministries decide which one has the responsibility for a transaction. So fragmented is the Chinese bureaucracy that American executives often find themselves acting as go-betweens for agencies that do not communicate directly with each other.

Such problems notwithstanding, experts look for American trade with China to grow steadily through the remainder of the century. Transactions between the two countries could reach nearly \$6 billion this year, and climb to between \$15 billion and \$20 billion by 2000.

Private observers applauded last week's Peking agreement. "What we are seeing now is the final stage of the normalization of our economic relationship with China," says Harry Harding, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution. "Both sides have deliberately pulled back from the collision course that they seemed to be on. They have decided that the relationship is too important to be destroyed, and that is a very important signal to send."

—By John Greenwald, Reported by David Alkman/Peking and Gisela Boite/Washington



Secretary Regan and Finance Minister Wang Bingqian in the Great Hall of the People in Peking

A potentially vast market that remains largely untapped two centuries after the first visit.

sold in China, that country's vast market potential remains barely tapped. Total trade between the U.S. and China dipped to \$4.4 billion last year, down 20% from the \$5.5 billion peak reached in 1981. By contrast, American transactions with Taiwan, which is only one fifty-fourth as populous, came to \$15.8 billion in 1983.

Regan's mission, which followed Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang's U.S. tour in January, was meant to help heal wounds that had opened in U.S.-Chinese economic relations and to prepare the way for President Reagan's arrival in Peking at the end of April. Prodded by American manufacturers, Washington set off a 1983 trade skirmish by freezing imports of Chinese textiles at the previous year's levels after talks on a new accord broke down. The People's Republic, which did not begin welcoming U.S. business on a large scale until 1979, responded by halting purchases of U.S. soybeans, cotton and synthetic fibers. Peking also refused to

panies. Said Finance Minister Wang Bingqian, who initiated the agreement: "I am confident that we can push forward the economic and technical cooperation between the two sides."

The treaty was the latest in a series of economic understandings between the U.S. and China. They have included Washington's decision last July to ease its stand against Chinese textiles, which led to a new accord allowing the imports to grow by up to 3% a year. Regan also greatly increased Peking's access to U.S. high technology by declaring China to be a "friendly, nonallied country." Lionel Olmer, Under Secretary of Commerce for International Trade, expects that action to help bring U.S. firms \$2 billion worth of contracts within a year.

He cautions, however, that "China will go through many difficult years in the process of modernization. It is simply a problem of staggering proportions to develop a country with a billion people." Pe-

BSI Unveils "The Jack2 Challenge" Marketing Strategy

KINGS PARK, NY - Business Solutions, Inc. (BSI), unveiled today the long-awaited details of its multi-million dollar national marketing campaign for its new integrated software product, JACK2. Initial attention was drawn to the campaign by a series of "teaser" ads that recently appeared in THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

According to BSI President Alan Dziejma, the company has asked other software vendors to "put up their disks" in a series of national competitions, called "The JACK2 Challenges." The campaign is aimed at establishing JACK2 as the leader in second-generation integrated software.

JACK2 is the first integrated software product to do word processing, spreadsheets, charting and data base management on the same screen at the same time without windows. In a recent SEYBOLD REPORT, which reviewed integrated windowing packages at Comdex/Fall, JACK2 was cited as one of the few new integrated packages providing "true interactive relationships."

"Real integration should allow users to turn on their computers in the

morning - and without changing disks or systems - perform all their daily business tasks until they turn off their computers at night. And, they should be able to do this with no more effort than it now takes to do their jobs.

According to BSI President Alan Dziejma the firm is looking at a six-month window during which the winners of the integrated software competition will emerge. "We are taking steps now to assure our position in that market," noted Dziejma.

Dziejma revealed that The JACK2 Challenge will be audited and controlled by the independent accounting firm, Touche Ross and Company, with the press invited as on-hand observers. Touche Ross will also oversee the selection and training of graduate students from major business schools who will participate in the competition. The students will compete against JACK2 with products such as Lisa, Visi On, Lotus 1-2-3, Peachtext 5000 and others.

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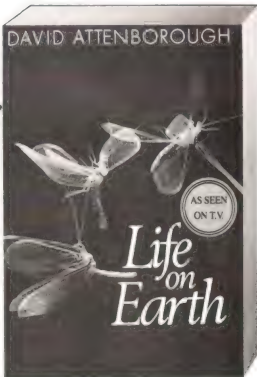
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First Class

The Postal Service delivers

You just can't stand still in this world any more," says William Bolger. "It can change faster than your mind can change." Such pronouncements would be routine from the boss of an ordinary company, but this one comes from the U.S. Postmaster General, talking about what at one time was the bumbling, inefficient, overstaffed, deficit-ridden, money-losing U.S. Postal Service.

No more. In the 13 years since its conversion into a Government corporation with a mandate from Congress to become financially self-sustaining, the Postal Service has turned first class. It is handling more mail than ever: 119.4 billion pieces last year, 400 million pieces every workday, up 4.7% from 1982. That is more by far than any other postal system in the world. Since 1971, the service's load has increased by 35 billion pieces, to 18 million new addresses.

The Postal Service corporation is carrying that load with fewer people: 678,845 vs. 741,000 in 1971. Employee productivity has gone up 43%, chiefly because of mechanical mail sorting. In 1971, a postal worker processed 120,212 pieces a year; now a person handles 173,320. Output will go up even more when high-speed optical scanners, which read addresses, convert them into printed bar codes and then send them off for automatic sorting into 136,000 carrier routes, are fully installed.

Perhaps most important of all, the Postal Service has stopped losing money. In 1979, for the first time since World War II, it took in more than it spent. Last year the Postal Service generated a profit, without subsidies, of \$616 million, its third in five years. In the early 1970s, it lost as much as \$200 million annually.

None of that good news, however, came free. The cost, in part, was sharply increased postal rates for both businesses and individuals. The price of a first-class stamp, a mere 4¢ a generation ago, has

risen since 1971 from 8¢ to the current 20¢. The Postal Service has applied to the Postal Rate Commission, which reviews requests for rate increases, for a raise to 23¢ for first-class stamps. It could come as early as October, but probably will not take effect until a few months after the November elections.

The postal system, first headed by Benjamin Franklin in 1775, continues to enjoy a legal monopoly on the delivery of first-class letter mail, although exceptions allow competition from such private organizations as Federal Express and Emery Worldwide. But unlike a few years ago, when the Postal Service sat and waited for business to come its way, it is now aggressively courting customers. For example, it is countering the new overnight carriers with its fast-growing Express Mail, which for \$9.35 promises next-day delivery. Another new service is E-COM (for electronic computer-originated mail), which allows transmission of messages to 25 special post offices throughout the U.S., where they are printed and distributed as first-class mail. The Postal Service, though, has yet to make it profitable.

The bulk of the Postal Service's revenues still comes from old-fashioned mail. Despite the computer age and talk about electronic messages doing away with letters, more, not less, mail is being sent. Christmas volume last year ran 800 million pieces ahead of the 1982 rate. U.S. banks and brokers had to send out millions of Internal Revenue Service W-9 forms this year to comply with new requirements on reporting interest income. The Postal Service earned \$100 million just on those bank mailings alone.

Bolger, 61, who joined the post office in 1941 as a clerk, has spent his entire career with the system. He is expected to quit at year's end for a job in private industry. Along with the improved efficiency, Bolger's six years as Postmaster General have won more friends for the U.S. mail. A Roper poll last year showed that most Americans give the Postal Service higher marks than the telephone company, insurance firms or hospitals. ■



Postmaster Bolger

It's a Deal

Justice says yes to LTV Steel

The proposed merger of LTV's Jones & Laughlin Steel subsidiary and Republic Steel was a relatively easy matter for the two companies to agree on six months ago, but in the past five weeks it has turned into a subject of sharp controversy within the Reagan Administration. J. Paul McGrath, the Assistant Attorney General for antitrust policy, first vetoed the agreement on the grounds that it violated Justice Department merger guidelines. Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige then wrote an article in the *New York Times* calling McGrath's decision "a world-class mistake." President Reagan stayed into the fray by remarking that the merger would not "reduce competition to the point that it would constitute monopoly at all."

Last week the acrimony ended when McGrath gave approval to a revised merger plan. Under the agreement, LTV, the third-largest American steel producer, and Republic, the fourth biggest, will sign a consent decree requiring the merged company to sell off two Republic plants in Gadsden, Ala., and Massillon, Ohio, within six months after the deal goes through. The Alabama plant makes hot- and cold-rolled carbon and plate steel, while the Ohio one produces sheet stainless steel. The Justice Department said that paring down the production capacity of the new company will put the agreement within its antitrust guidelines.

Some observers quickly suggested, however, that McGrath was just bowing before White House pressure, but he vehemently denied it. Consent decrees normally require properties to be divested before a merger takes place. McGrath defended the new decision by pointing to the economic plight of the troubled industry. Steel plants are operating at less than 80% of capacity, and imports have taken 26% of the domestic market.

LTV Steel, as the merged company will be called, will replace Bethlehem Steel as America's second-largest producer, behind U.S. Steel. After some inefficient operations are phased out, the new firm will have the capacity to produce 19 million tons annually and will concentrate on flat-rolled, bar, stainless and tubular steel. Its headquarters will be located at Republic's Cleveland offices.

The decision earlier this month by U.S. Steel and National Steel to withdraw their merger plans helped LTV and Republic win Justice Department support. If both deals had occurred, the two new companies would have controlled 50% of the U.S. sheet-steel market. For now, though, the U.S.-National deal is dead. ■



J. Paul McGrath

Soft Suds

Taking the kick out of beer

Like most beer ads, the TV commercial for Texas Select foams over with machismo. The blur, aired in Houston and Dallas, portrays a group of poker-playing buddies whooping it up while holding aloft glasses filled with an amber beverage. Then comes the kick or, rather, the lack of one. Texas Select is virtually alcohol free. Claims the card-party host: "The guys couldn't tell the difference."

Texas Select is one of at least six new brews that look and taste much like regular beer but have little or no intoxicating effect. With these lighter-than-Lite beverages, U.S. brewers are making their boldest move since the introduction of low-calorie beer in the mid-1970s. Brewers hope the new brands will put fizz back into sales, which have gone flat following strong growth in the 1970s.

Next week the biggest U.S. brewer, Anheuser-Busch, will roll out a brand called L.A., for light alcohol, in ten test markets from California to Rhode Island. Detroit-based Stroh, the third-largest



The new brands look and taste much like regular brew but have little or no intoxicating effect

brewer, this week will announce a low-alcohol brand called Schaefer L.A. The customers thirstiest for the new brands are expected to be males over 25 who have begun to worry about their health. Industry watchers say Anheuser-Busch will spend up to \$30 million on its ad campaign featuring such modern life-style exemplars as a businessman bicycling to his job and a fitness buff working out in a health spa.

Last August Cincinnati's Hudepohl launched reduced-alcohol Pace beer partly as an answer to Ohio's strict drunk-driving laws. A six-pack of Pace, with less than 2% alcohol, produces the effect of only three cans of regular beer, which

contains about 4%. In beer-loving Australia, where lawmakers cracked down on drunk driving in 1976, low-alcohol brew has captured 10% of the market.

The new beverages generally mimic all the trappings of premium beer, including the price tag of \$3 or more per six-pack. Moussy, a nonalcoholic Swiss-made product, is bottled like a prestige import beer, complete with foil wrapper. White Rock Products, which distributes Moussy (pronounced *moose-y*) in the U.S., expects to sell 650,000 cases this year. The company is now running a special advertising campaign in the Midwest aimed at churchgoers who have given up alcohol for Lent.

Dividends

The 99% Solution

To keep America's mom-and-pop companies from being trampled by corporate behemoths, the Government has long given financial help to firms that qualify as small businesses. But what passes for small is in fact 99% of all the firms in the U.S., a total of 14 million companies. Earlier this month the Small Business Administration added 46,000 companies to the ranks of the small.

The SBA measures a business in terms of its workers or annual sales. For a wholesale merchant to be considered small, for instance, the company must have no more than 500 employees. Painting or plumbing contractors must have revenues of less than \$7 million. A fishing company will qualify if sales are below \$2 million. The small firms will be eligible this year for \$3.5 billion in SBA loans, up 3% from 1983. But while 99% of American businesses are small, the remaining 1% generate about half of all corporate revenues.

Duly Noted

Michel Serrebecbere, maître d' of the Maurice Restaurant in New York City's posh Parker Meridian Hotel, last year noticed that business people were desperate for anything to take notes on during breakfast and luncheon meetings. They resorted to envelopes, blank checks or

even \$20 bills. Now executives find something more convenient. Sitting on the tables next to the salt and pepper is a small (2½ in. by 4¼ in.) gray-beige note pad with the legend, "Notes While Dining at the Maurice."

Restaurants and hotels catering to the business trade are adding this accoutrement for the executive table. At Hurlingham's in the New York Hilton, waiters no longer have to face tablecloths and napkins covered with ink. Now the restaurant's business guests receive blank cards (¾ in. by 5 in.) that display the silhouette of a polo player astride his mount. At the American Harvest Restaurant in Manhattan's Vista International Hotel, diners receive a thin pad that slips into a



shirt pocket. Still, some places resist the trend. Says Harry Poulakakos, 45, owner of Wall Street's popular drinking spot Harry's at Hanover Square: "If someone asks us for paper, we give them a yellow legal pad."

An Electronic Prayer Guide

While traveling abroad, devout Muslims must still say prayers five times a day while facing the holy city of Mecca. But a long trip with frequent stops could make them lose their bearings and point them in the wrong direction for worship. To prevent such a problem, Dallas inventor George Shrimme has applied science to religion and designed an electronic prayer guide. It points the way toward Mecca from any of 200 locations, beeps at worship time and displays the opening verses of the call to prayer on a liquid-crystal screen.

Shrimme's company, Micro Star, next month will begin offering the paperback-size instrument in both a plastic case (\$400) and a brass one (\$700). To use the device, travelers press a button to enter the name of the city they are visiting. A built-in microprocessor then does virtually all the rest. Shrimme, a Lebanese Christian, spent two years designing the guide after consulting with Middle East Islamic leaders. The device has legions of potential customers: Islam counts more than 500 million followers.

Press

Kuralt: On the Road Again

The laureate of the common man has a new CBS showcase

Izzy Bleckman was driving the van and Larry Gianneschi was fussing with the coffeepot when they saw a man standing on a highway overpass with a homemade banner draped over the side. They called back to their boss, CBS News Correspondent Charles Kuralt, that they had spotted a potential story for his *On the Road* series. With the briefest glance at his watch and a map showing their route that day—a 200-mile round trip from Portland, Ore., up to the woods outside Onalaska, Wash.—Kuralt agreed to turn around and find out what the man was doing.

The three men were not indulging a frivolous curiosity: for 15 years, on and off, Kuralt and his crew (usually cameraman Bleckman and Soundman Gianneschi) have taken a casual, eyes-open-to-life ramble, through every part of every state, in search of stories. *On the Road* reports have graced several CBS news programs, and they will be a centerpiece of a prime-time series, *The American Parade*, anchored by Kuralt, that premieres on Tuesday, March 27 (8 p.m., E.S.T.).

The new show, a magazine series, "will be resolutely American, with no foreign reporting," says Kuralt, "and celebratory in tone. We do not expect to find any scandals or scoundrels." Segments this week include whimsical essays by Kuralt, political humor by Art Buchwald, a report by Correspondent Bill Kurtis asking whether Muhammad Ali is punch-drunk, and a story by Correspondent Andrew Lack about a boy with a malady that his parents diagnosed when doctors could not. Plus, of course, an *On the Road* about a Missouri man who writes down the names of everyone he has ever met. The show is somewhat controversial within CBS, precisely because it is not prone to controversy. Admits Kuralt: "Bill Moyers, who was to co-anchor, thought it would be too much show business. He wanted to be more pure."

By traditional standards, Kuralt's stories often are not news at all. They are authentic, uplifting Americana—folksy, but never cute or dismissive. He looks for people, sometimes whole communities, who have offbeat pursuits or experiences, and he takes them seriously. He seeks "stories that confirm that this is a remarkable country." Over the years, Kuralt has profiled an Iowa farmer who built a yacht in his barnyard, a retired West Virginia coal miner who sculpts statuary in coal, and the arcane Florida ritual of "worm grunting," catching bait with the use of wooden stakes and truck springs. Some day, Kuralt vows, he will get around to a piece that Bleckman wants to do, about dogs that ride in the backs of pickup trucks. As

it turned out, the man with the banner just missed being a story. He had painted the 10-ft. cloth to honor his wife's birthday, and waited to wave as she drove past in her pickup truck. She got there while Bleckman was positioning his camera. "One more minute," Bleckman moaned, "and we would have had it."

Kuralt's official destination that day was a one-man steam sawmill outside Onalaska, owned and operated by Gene Frase, 70, a laconic, down-to-earth man who turns downright poetic when he talks about his conflicting passions: the sweetly efficient steam engine and the lost stands of tall trees that the mill engines turned



In search of magnificent obsessions: with cameraman Bleckman and Elephant Keeper Herneous

"We will be resolutely American and celebratory—we do not expect to find scoundrels."

into lumber. The next day, Kuralt interviewed senior Elephant Keeper Roger Henneous at the Washington Park Zoo. In both cases, much of the filming had already been done by another crew before Kuralt arrived on the scene. His schedule these days, which also includes anchoring the live 90-min. CBS *News Sunday Morning* show, precludes the Huckelberry Finn existence he once enjoyed. "This is not *On the Road* any more," Kuralt gumbled. "It used to be that we never knew where we were going, except in the most general way, and no one back at the office knew how to find me." In those days, he found many of his stories by looking out the window, responding not to deadlines but to the gentler rhythms of the treetops outside Wall Street and Foggy Bottom.

On the Road has logged more than a million miles, according to the network, and has worn out seven mobile homes.

"Once, in Wyoming," Kuralt recalls, "everything broke down at once, and Izzy was reduced to tears." Although Kuralt and his crew are married, there is still a sort of bachelor's liberty to it all, and the current vehicle, an FMC, looks like the habitat of tomcats. The seat cushions are misshapen and filthy, the refrigerator contains nothing but beer and soda, the larder has only peanut butter and crackers, but coffee is perpetually on the boil. Kuralt favors the lived-in look: a blue blazer with a burn mark, a rumpled yellow sweater that strains over his stomach, gray flannels worn to slickness. He chain-smokes Pall Malls and eats lunch at hamburger joints or not at all. If TV news is glamorous, apparently no one has told Kuralt.

The success of *On the Road* very nearly spoiled it. Kuralt became a star CBS property, and he was pulled off the road time and again: at various times, he has anchored the

network's morning, evening and Sunday shows. He will anchor as well as report on *The American Parade*, and some stories—for example, an interview with New York Governor Mario Cuomo—will even edge him back into hard news.

Still, Kuralt remains committed to "news that no one else is reporting." His favorite story, he says unhesitatingly, was the 50th wedding anniversary reunion of a rural Mississippi family. "They had seven children, and when the first one was old enough to go to college, they hitched up the wagon to a mule and rode to town to borrow \$5 for bus fare, because that was all they could give. Every one of them went on to some kind of profession. As we stood in that room and watched them, we were crying and they were crying, and we all realized that something wonderful was being said about that family and about this nation." —By William A. Henry III

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Art

Intensifications of Nature

Flora and fauna animate the works of two American sculptors

The exhibition of recent sculpture by the American artist Nancy Graves, on view at the Knoedler gallery in New York City through March 29, is her best yet—the work of an artist who, in mid-career, is only now getting into full and impressive stride. To say that Graves, 43, in the cliché of artspeak, is “involved with organic imagery” does no justice to the depth of her entry into the natural world as subject. When so much in current art tends to be either narcissistic reflection on the self, or ironic broodings on cultural dilemmas, she remains one of the very few good nature poets in American art today.

Her images of the life that lies beyond our own bodies have acquired a swarming, teetering richness, a lyricism of impulse and a sharp oddity of tone that look and feel like no one else's. America is not short of banal nature art with worthy moral lessons: Save the whales, admire the mallard, reflect on the moral transformation of the seagull. The boots one sees protruding from this tumultus of Orvis-catalogue kitsch are poor dead Thoreau's. But to bring a whole mode of invention to bear on some aspect of the natural world, to reinvent its emblems within a living tradition of art history—even for a moment, or in a fragmentary way—is rather more difficult, and that is what Nancy Graves has done with these sculptures.

One's first impression, in a roomful of them, is of wandering in an aquarium. Coral is everywhere: fans, rigid laces, spreading antlers, all speckled and inscribed with rainbow color. Growths push upward from the floor and terminate in mad displays of hair, Medusa-like tentacles and other scribbles. Though some sculptures seem to belong to the sea bottom, there are others that suggest the land—tropical nature, in its fleshy leafings and embowerings. The plants, or colonies, or whatever they are, ramify from narrow stems; sometimes they reverse the “normal” look of sculpture—well planted, firmly accommodating itself to its own weight—and seem to flourish in a zone of reduced gravity, where things float and spread. Always they are airy, open. In formal terms, their ancestry is constructivism, and they are part of the extended family whose American patriarch was David Smith, a fact that Graves acknowledges in giving some of her works names like *Zaga*, in homage to a suite of sculptures Smith titled *Zig*.

But if their basic format is constructivist, “drawing in space,” their internal imagery is very much not. Her works like *Zaga*, 1983, or *Cantileve*, 1983, when one



Fiddleheads and seed pods: Graves' *Zaga*

Noon ghosts: Suris' *Working in the Garden*



gets down to the detail, begin with a profusion of animal and botanical spare parts that Graves has cast directly in bronze. The things in her delirious lexicon of shapes include the fiddleheads of giant ferns, fragments of woven rattan, dried anchovies, pig intestines from the Chinese market below Canal Street in New York City, leaves of the *Monstera deliciosa* (another bow of homage, this time to Matisse, in whose late works that indoor plant is a constant character), broccoli stems, bamboo fans, the seed pods and roots of lotus, gourds, warty cucumbers, the breastbone of a turkey: a list without apparent limit. Some of the things Graves brought in could only be used once or twice: a crayfish she brought home in a doggy bag from a Louisiana restaurant, for instance, became so offensive that the founders would not use it again, and there may be troubles with the dried squid she recently found in a lower Manhattan shop.

Once cast, they are patinated in a striking range of mat colors—never quite the colors of nature, always with the volume knob turned high—and then assembled. Since the patinated color may break down under strong sunlight outdoors, Graves also uses fired-enamel colors on some pieces. Accident contributes its share here: because the thickness of the bronze casting varies in an unpredictable way, and hence the heat of the metal and the rate of fusion of the enamel vary as well, the enamel colors run and waver into one another like wet watercolor, somewhat blurring the identity of the object they cover. This makes the enamel pieces slightly more abstract, fractionally less decipherable, than the patinated ones. Graves, whose SoHo studio contains one of the most formidable collections of Triffid-like indoor plants in Manhattan, recalls that the idea for doing sculpture in this way came to her a few years ago because “I had a cat that peed on a plant and killed it. I liked the plant too much to let it go, so I took it up to the foundry and asked them to try to cast it.” Direct casting from such forms was done in the 19th century as a tour de force, proof of a foundry's technical prowess, and Ludwig of Bavaria once commissioned a bronze cast of a whole basketful of flowers, much admired by Graves. But the idea of making modern sculpture by these means had not been tried on a full scale before, although, like nearly everything else in the past 50 years, it was foreshadowed by Picasso.

The result, in her better works, is very far from mere curiosity. Graves has an acute sense of spatial construction and knows exactly when to rein in the intrinsic oddity of her metal flora. So one does not get distracted wondering what this or that thing was: what counts is what it now is, its role in a larger system of metaphors that circles back on nature. One would

need to be a bronze gourd oneself not to be delighted by this artist's ebullience and delicacy of feeling.

James Surls' sculptures, at the Delahunty galleries in SoHo and TriBeCa (through April 14) may not be as complex and many-layered as Graves', but they have their own peculiar intensity about the stuff of the natural world—in his case, wood. Surls, 40, a muscular farm dweller from Splendora, Texas, who is sometimes mistaken for Willie Nelson, works with whole branches and roots, artfully pegged and jointed together so that their knotty, straight-from-the-ground appearance is kept even as they turn into parodies of the human figure. It is like the folksy sensibility that pops two eyes on an odd-shaped root and turns it into a doll on the roadside stand—only the mix of Surls' 'n' burls is done under better auspices than mere quaintness.

It is infused, at the start, with a real sense of fright: the noontday demon, as it were, lurking in the woodpile. Surls' huge wraiths posture and write on point with a sort of evilly humorous grace; they summon up nursery horrors, tree demons, swamp critters. They have some of the charged, crude intensity of New Mexican *santos*. Surls is a good craftsman who does not make a parade of technique. He lacks laconic effects—nothing too beautiful: storytelling rather than elocution. His preferred tools are the chain saw, the ax and the blowtorch, with which he "paints" areas of sooty shadow into the wood. This scorching makes his pieces look even more like visitors from Down Below. You can laugh at the devil, but not too hard or long.


"I want art to look back at me," Surls told an interviewer a few years ago. "If it doesn't you might as well bury it in your backyard." There is a lot of autobiography in Surls' work, but some anguish, too, mingled with self-mockery. Of course, Surls' sense of the demonic (or the angelic, which makes a less convincing bow in one or two pieces) is filtered through quite a lot of art history, from Miró to the ornery, meticulously crafted constructions of the late H.C. Westermann. His main weakness is a penchant for cockeyed whimsy, which seems to be an inexpert deduction from Miró. But this hardly matters beside the strength of Surls' best work. Notably *Working in the Garden*, 1981, the massive root system of an oak dug from the ground, seasoned, and then equipped with a demented spiral wooden "cloud" on top—a whirling dust-devil of some sort, studded with eyes and bristling with wooden facsimiles of double-bitted axes. It is an altogether marvelous apparition, one that manages to be funny, menacing, otherworldly and stridently physical all at the same time: a masterpiece of the special American genre of buckeye surrealism, as lovingly made as tall stories are lovingly recited and polished in the telling. Clearly, Surls is turning into a fabulist of the most engaging kind.

—By Robert Hughes

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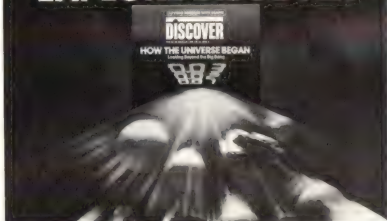


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Books

Five Auspicious, Artful and Amusing Debuts

First novelists range effortlessly from 17th century Paris to contemporary Philadelphia

THE NEW TERRITORY AHEAD

Huck Finn and Holden Caulfield turned a perceptive innocence against a world that was out to steal their childhoods. But it has long been assumed that they used up the territories of the rural backwater and the prep school. Padgett Powell's twelve-year-old Simons Manigault is proof that they did not. He is in fact one of the most engaging fictional small fry ever to cry thief: sly, pungent, lyric, funny, and unlikely to be forgotten when literary-prize committees gather later in the year. *Edisto* (Farrar, Straus &



Simons) says, "I am a celebrity because I'm white, not even teen-age yet, and possess the partial aura of the Duchess."

The Duchess is what the locals call Simons' imperious mother. He calls her the Doctor because she teaches something cultural at a nearby college. She also knows how to refill her bourbon glass gracefully, sit appealingly on a wicker sofa and pass on the literary tradition. Some of Simons' earliest playthings were books from his mother's library; he is obviously on his way to being well read, although he takes pains to hide the fact.

Mother and son live in a pagoda beach house called the Savannah Cabana, a sales model bought from a failed real estate developer who threw in a shack for Thoenie, the family maid. The boy's pri-

with the same narrative trick that Mark Twain and J.D. Salinger used. Simons recalls his adventures of the recent past from new surroundings: the playgrounds of Hilton Head, where alligators are more likely to appear on shirts than in backyards. The secret of his charm is that he is a precocious anomaly looking back on a raffish puberty: "A good gentry tyke in Cooper Boyd [a private school], headed shortly for St. Cecilia Society balls with a million Altalondine Jenkines instead of talking trash with true Diane Parkers in roadhouses."

Personal and racial relations are delicately balanced and subtly revealed to young Simons. The important lessons come not from the books in the Doctor's library but from what he calls "the whole



Padgett Powell: perceptive innocence



Pete Dexter: surpassing moments



William McPherson: untiring poignance

Giroux; 183 pages; \$11.95) is an impressive first novel. Powell, 31, a Houston roofer, has all the literary equipment for a new career: a peeled eye, a tuning-fork ear and an innovative way with local color and regional speech.

The novel's title is the name of a shapeless pendant of marsh and sand that meets the Atlantic about midway between Charleston, S.C., and Savannah, Ga. Simons, pronounced Simmons ("I'm a rare one-*m* Simons"), lives in this area among the palmettos, scrub oaks, fiddler crabs, and slave descendants who speak Gullah and keep the faith at Marvin's R.O. Sweet Shop and Baby Grand. There,

vate name for his father is the Progenitor, an impersonal though not inappropriate designation. Simons' parents are divorced; on visits, the Progenitor tries to exchange his son's mullet pole for a baseball bat and tempt him with the upscale life. But every paternal gesture meets with failure or misunderstanding. His sex lecture about contraception, for example, leaves Simons with the impression that the body part in question "is some kind of electric eel or polyp stinger you have to insulate with rubber."

Lines like this do not usually come from the mouths of adolescents. Powell solves the problem of false knowingness

alphabet of worldly maneuver." At the Baby Grand he learns how to drink beers with folks who have an exaggerated sense of his importance. "The trick there," says the wily subteen, "is to accept a new can when anybody offers and let your old one get drunk by somebody else." He devises a successful "Boy Act," to unnerve and run off "coroners," his collective description for the boring men who come courting his mother, and the marsh teaches the need for patient observation: "If you go around beating the world with questions like a reporter or federal oral history junior sociologist... all the answers will go back into mystery like fiddlers into pluff mud."

At every turn, Powell makes *Edisto* far more than a novel about budding awareness. As the boy talks he reveals the South's new reconstruction: carpetbaggers who arrive by jet from the Middle East to buy whole islands, the latest styles in scalawags and gentrification. Simons revisits Charleston's old Negro market and finds that things have changed. "Bats, rafters, shale, pee, lead paint, clothes wads, the stuck barber pole, chili in open pots, all went to dropped ceilings for energy saving, parquet, rest rooms, pastel, jean shops, international flags waving in front of a deli store, and food described on a blackboard."

As Simons says, "Something is happening, happening all the time." At this moment, Padgett Powell is showing us as well as any new American novelist that the territory ahead now lies in every direction of the compass. —By R.Z. Sheppard

OPHILADELPHIA!

The trouble begins at a Philadelphia construction site when a young bricklayer and speed freak named Leon Hubbard waves a straight razor under a co-worker's chin. The would-be victim, Lucien Edwards Jr., 69, is black, dignified and not to be trifled with: he bashes a metal pipe into the back of Leon's head. The foreman, Coleman Peets, sees this fatal act as providential. He has

been worrying for days about how to get rid of the punk without killing him himself. The police arrive and accept with little reluctance Peets' description of an accidental death. No one is exactly happy that Leon is gone, but neither does anybody think it worthwhile to make a fuss over the manner of his departure.

Two exceptions are Leon's mother and Novelist Pete Dexter, 40, who in *God's Pocket* (Random House, 274 pages; \$14.95) turns a random incident into a picaresque romp. Jeanie Hubbard Scarpatto, still pretty in middle age despite a life that has "had more sorry chapters than the Old Testament," refuses to believe that the son she raised on her own from infancy after her first husband's death would simply let something fall on his head. Mickey, her current spouse, cannot disagree, he feels unworthy of Jeanie, probably with cause. He drives a refrigerated truck and sells stolen meat at the behest of his boss, a remote functionary of the Philadelphia Mob. Mickey finds himself obliged to soothe his wife's pain in two ways: by coming up with the \$6,000 or so it will take for a mahogany coffin and a dignified funeral and by begging his underworld connections to find out just how Leon happened to die in the first place.

Pressing neither the money nor the clout to perform these jobs, Mickey does the best he can, which is not terribly good. Matters quickly get out of hand. Mickey tries to raise money by betting on an inspired hunch at the racetrack, and loses.

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Books

The lupine director of the local funeral home, displeased when Mickey asks for credit, tosses Leon's body into a side alley. Lucky for Mickey that he owns a meat truck. Unfortunately for Mickey, Richard Shellburn, Philadelphia's most beloved columnist, peers through his alcoholic fog long enough to become aware of the unending death of Leon Hubbard, interviews the grieving mother and falls in love with her. As Mickey's luck careers downhill, he reflects on the source of his troubles: "Alive, Leon was a pain in the ass; dead, he was killing him."

Author Dexter, a columnist for the Philadelphia *Daily News*, piles on more complications and coincidences than his novel ought to carry. What saves *God's Pocket* from flighty sensationalism is its impressive ballast of local color. The fictional neighborhood named in the title is a white, working-class enclave in South Philadelphia that seems all too real: narrow houses, streets, lives; a place where the Hollywood Bar, the social hub of the area, does "half its business before noon." Some of the novel's best times are spent at the Hollywood. Mickey hears a drunken woman praise his deceased stepson: "He was a nice youngster. He never broke into nobody's house in the neighborhood." When the only patron with politically liberal sympathies begins to orate, the bartender-proprietor warns: "You start talkin' about niggers and America in here tonight, I swear you won't get another drink till winter. You understand?" Such moments surpass the contrivances of plot; surprise fades in the glare of recognition. —By Paul Gray

LAST IDYL

Childhood, that traditional turf of the first novelist, is examined at a distance in William McPherson's refreshing debut.



Testing the Current (Simon & Schuster; 348 pages; \$15.95). The slow awakening of youth is noted in minutely observed and somewhat magnified detail, but at a third-person remove, almost as if the author were examining his cast through binoculars.

Tommy, the boy involved, is, like all children, subject to the imponderable whims of the godlike creatures known as adults. In 1939, the year of America's last idyl, friends and family play out their lives in the Midwestern mill town, impervious to the Great Depression and the war that has already begun a world away. Here Tommy's parents lay down draconian laws, then act with well-meaning hypocrisy. The word Negro is never mentioned in the presence of a black steward because "the condition it described was thought to be embarrassing at best and irreversible in any case, and polite people did not call attention to the ill fortune of others, par-

ticularly when the others couldn't help it. Their feelings might be hurt."

Through Tommy's wide eyes, most of humanity's sins and sorrows pass in review: his mother's adultery, his grandmother's illness, the pain and death that can attend all ages and circumstances. Grownups try to keep him from the ravages of knowledge. Tommy's mother tersely declares, "We bury the dead and then we get on with it.... Grief is something we carry inside us—here, get into your snowsuit—it's not polite to inflict it on others." But there is no escaping from natural law. Tommy learns to place the comforting theories of his teachers and parents alongside the facts of the human predicament as he sees and hears them. The result is irony, a tone that McPherson manages with untiring subtlety and poignance.

Testing the Current has no grand climax, none of the violent turns beloved by makers of films about youth. It presents a state of mind that existed when America seemed as green as Tommy and as vulnerable to the moment when, in Yeats' phrase, the ceremony of innocence is drowned. McPherson, a Washington *Post* journalist and winner of the 1977 Pulitzer Prize for literary criticism, might well be excused for showing the influence of the writers he reviewed for so many years. Happily, their shadows never appear. The author's imagery and style are wholly his own, from here on, it is his turn to be analyzed and imitated. Given the graces of his first book, that should be an enduring and pleasurable process. —By Stefan Kanfer

SUN QUEEN

"I set no limit to my desires." Mme. de Maintenon confided in a letter to a friend. Few women in history have brought that kind of ambition to such a satisfactory climax. Born in prison in 1635, the daughter of a well-born con man and habitual murderer reached for the moon from earliest childhood. By the age of 48 she had embraced the sun. Her marriage to his Coscussating Magnificence, the Sun King, Louis XIV, lasted for 32 years.

When the royal hunt of Mme. de Maintenon was turned into a piece of popular fiction in *The King's Way* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 497 pages; \$15.95), it reigned for 80 weeks on France's best-seller list. Françoise Chandernagor, 38, a French judge, has been more fortunate than most first novelists in the wealth of sources available for her imaginative reconstruction. She has drawn from the writings of two of France's great literary stylists and keenest chroniclers of the age, Mme. de Sévigné and the Duc de Saint-Simon, as well as from the correspon-



dence of the indefatigable Mme. de Maintenon, who left behind 80 volumes of letters at her death in 1719. Rendered in an unobtrusive translation by Barbara Bray, *The King's Way* recounts in an elegant pastiche of 17th century prose the inclement scramble among the monarch's many mistresses for sovereignty in the bedchamber. How did Mme. de Maintenon ultimately snag the Sun King? The motto she adopted tells it all: "I shine only for him." —By Patricia Blake

HOME TRUTHS

On a hot day sometime in the 1950s, perhaps the last decade when fidelity counted for more than fulfillment, Jack



Henna, an Italian immigrant insurance salesman, makes a routine visit to the Waspy widow of a policyholder. He falls passionately, inexplicably in love. Some days later, Henna leaves his family for a night and moves in, uninvited, to the ramshackle farm of the widow and her resentful son. His every attempt, from seduction to cooking, fails to move his beloved to commitment. The next morning, resigned to the impossibility of escaping a wife whom he no longer desires and two sons who do not fulfill his dreams of baseball-loving American assimilation, he walks home.

In Anthony Giardina's *Men with Debts* (Knopf; 266 pages; \$13.95), the certain suits the decade. This story of lower-middle-class yearnings and mid-life crisis has the feeling of—and straddles the sociological distance between—*Marty* and *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. The ground traversed contains the grit of autobiography. Giardina grew up in Waltham, Mass., the setting of the novel. Even the reticence of his characters may reflect home truths: Henna's officiates have Italian surnames, but they scarcely discuss ethnicity. In tune with their times, they share his fervor for feeling American. Yet there are hints of the consciousness of decades to come: the widow realizes she wants to learn to fend for herself.

Still, demographic accuracy remains a modest virtue in fiction. Giardina possesses greater gifts, notably in creating children who sound and act like children, and in compressing plot into homespun metaphor. Henna prepares a dinner of spaghetti topped with broccoli and garlic; the widow's son bursts out, "This is not what we eat." When Henna gazes at the woman he believes he loves, he thinks, "You are like an open book, always open to the wrong pages, revealing information no one is prepared for." Occasions like these easily give a glum and sometimes predictable story the air of authenticity and consequence, and suggest that, for first novelists, there may still be no place like home. —By William A. Henry III

Behavior

Turning Increasingly to Cocaine

Among women, abuse of "the champagne of drugs" is growing

Christina, 33, a successful actress, began using cocaine to bolster her self-esteem. Too often she felt like a victim, but free-basing three to eight grams of coke a day, she recalls, "made everything all right." Her \$3,000-a-week habit left her deep in debt, and after two years, she had her first attack of "coke bugs," a standard problem for free-basers, or smokers of cocaine. Her skin felt as if it were alive with fleas. She took four showers a day and rubbed her skin raw. A doctor, concerned about her hallucinations, warned that cocaine was severely affecting her nervous system. Last fall, after hospitalization for a coke seizure, she started free-basing again, but the thrill was no longer there. She is now enrolled in a drug-free program.

Many of the women who have been turning to cocaine share Christina's profile: upwardly mobile, less interested in thrills than in coping with job pressures or nagging problems of competence and self-esteem. Although two-thirds of the nation's 4.1 million cocaine abusers are male, the number of female users is rapidly climbing.

Dr. Beatrice Rouse, an epidemiologist with the National Institute on Drug Abuse, says that cocaine use among women has recently increased by almost one-half in U.S. households (from 6.4% in 1979 to 9.3% in 1982). In California, according to the state Department of Alcohol and Drug Programs, the number of women checking into cocaine treatment centers has jumped 73% in the past two years, the number of males 60%. Of 150 recent calls to the Women's Resource



Addict hugs child at a California center
Nagging problems of self-esteem.

Center, a nonprofit drug referral service in Los Angeles, 60 were from cocaine users. At Manhattan's Phoenix House, a quarter of all addicts treated are women, but in the night program, set up for drug abusers who work during the day, 40% of those treated are women, almost all of them cocaine consumers. Says Kevin McEaney, Phoenix House's senior vice president: "This is an almost unheard-of statistic. Traditionally, women have made up one-fourth to one-third of treatment-clinic populations."

One undoubted reason for the increase is that women find the image of cocaine attractive: heroin is a grubby street

product, and PCP, an animal tranquilizer known as angel dust, is the "unemployment drug" because it relieves depression. Some women seem to think that cocaine can bring better orgasms. Says Charlotte Wolter of the Women's Resource Center: "Cocaine is thought of as the champagne of drugs."

In fact, coke is believed to be the drug most abused among women, outstripping Valium, which has come under fairly strict controls since the mid-1970s, when it was the No. 1 prescription drug. Under pressure from drug-abuse experts, Valium's manufacturer, Hoffmann-La Roche, has dramatically cut production of the drug, and many doctors have stopped prescribing it for simple anxiety. In 1975, 60 million prescriptions for Valium were written in the U.S., compared with 25 million in 1983. Says McEaney: "Since two out of three Valium prescriptions are written for women, presumably many females who cannot get Valium have switched to coke."

Many women consider cocaine an aphrodisiac. Says Ronald Siegel, a psychopharmacologist at the U.C.L.A. School of Medicine: "Women respond more euphorically and ecstatically than males to sex with coke and rate their sexual experiences with cocaine much higher than males do." Others in the drug field, however, say that such a response occurs among highly suggestible people and is mostly a placebo effect.

A final contributing factor to the rise of coke use may simply be the follow-the-leader syndrome: whatever substance men abuse is often later taken up by women. "It has worked that way with every drug, including cigarettes," says Psychiatrist Lester Grinspoon of the Harvard Medical School. "That makes the women's market the growth area for cocaine abuse."

Milestones

MARRIED. Andrew Lloyd Webber, 36, British pop composer (*Cats*, *Evita*); and Sarah Brightman, 23, dancer; both for the second time; in Kingsclere, Hampshire, England. They then sped back to London as husband and wife to meet the Queen at a preview of Webber's new musical, *Starlight Express*.

INDICTED. Denny McLain, 39, former pitching star of the Detroit Tigers from 1963 to 1970 and the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1968, when his 31-6 record made him the latest major-leaguer to win at least 30 games in one season; on five counts of drug dealing, racketeering and extortion, including conspiracy to smuggle 400 kg of cocaine; in Tampa.

CONVICTED. John Cordeiro, 24, and Victor Raposo, 23, two of the six men charged

with gang-raping a 21-year-old woman on a New Bedford, Mass., barroom pool table in March 1983; in Fall River, Mass. Two other defendants were acquitted at last week's trial; the final two, Daniel Silva, 27, and Joseph Vieira, 28, were found guilty on March 17.

CLEARED. Lenell Geter, 26, Texas engineer; of charges of holding up a fried-chicken restaurant for \$615, for which he was convicted and given a life sentence in October 1982 despite testimony from his colleagues that he was at work at the time; in Dallas. A publicity campaign contending that Geter was a victim of racism, and a *60 Minutes* segment last December, had already pressured the Dallas county district attorney into granting a new trial, scheduled for April 9, when another suspect was implicated last week.

DIED. Otto Eckstein, 56, staunchly liberal German-born economist, Harvard professor, member of the Council of Economic Advisers under Lyndon Johnson and long-time participant on TIME's Board of Economists, who promoted the science of econometric forecasting into an indispensable tool of government and business planning and founded a highly successful business, Data Resources Inc., which, when sold to McGraw-Hill in 1979, made him a multimillionaire; of cancer; in Boston.

DIED. Garry Winogrand, 56, photographer who, beginning in advertising and photojournalism with *Life* and *Look* in the 1950s, developed an energetic and unusual style of street photography that presented images of teeming activity and accidental, often incongruous conjunctions of people and things; of cancer; in Tijuana, Mexico.

Theater

Straight from the Heartland

Family squabbles and political scandal on display in Louisville

For most Kentuckians, the first week of spring has come to signal the agitated ecstacy of college basketball. For the past two years, cross-state rivals at the Universities of Kentucky and Louisville have met in the N.C.A.A. tournament to settle Bluegrass bragging rights. But roundball is not the only sport in town these days. Last Thursday, on the night of The Game, a smaller but no less demanding group of enthusiasts from all over the U.S. and a dozen foreign countries convened in Louisville to search for the future of the American theater. Now in its eighth year, the Humana Festival of New American Plays has helped nurture such authors as Beth Henley and Marsha Norman from early promise to mature achievement. The festival—nine full-length plays in three days, all produced by Jon Jory's Actors Theater of Louisville—continues to solidify its reputation as the theater's most exhilarating rite of spring.

Geographically and artistically, this festival occupies the center. Most of its plays come straight from the regional-theater heartland, in which everyday characters, often from the Midwest middle class, respond to family crises in the plain-song cadences of naturalism. For these people communication is hard enough; eloquence would be a suspect luxury. You have to listen hard to catch both the humor and the despair in a mother's complaint on returning from the supermarket: "Why are modern groceries so heavy?" (from Lee Blessing's *Independence*, a mother-and-daughters drama that plays like *Crimes of the Heart* without Henley's savory moonshine kick). Often in these works, nothing happens; usually, that is the point. In Horton Foote's *Courtship* virtually all of the "action," except for one chaste kiss, occurs offstage and is relayed to the audience as a Texas family's gossip. The play's teen-age sisters might be called Rosie and Gilda; they are as irrelevant to their small town's melodramas as *Hamlet's* foppish courtiers were to the royal carnage. Life is a soap opera they will be able to experience only vicariously.

When melodrama did surface at the festival, it could seem as out of place as a punk in an Amish Sunday school. John Patrick Shanley's *Danny and the Deep Blue Sea* sets a couple of urban pit dogs—a Bronx hoodlum (John Turturro) and a

vagrant young mother (June Stein)—at each other's throats with coarsely romantic results, but the conclusion is too optimistic to be quite convincing. *The Undoing*, by William Mastrosimone, offers promise of a fascinating character: a woman (Debra Monk), now running her late husband's poultry business, whose rage is so pure and carnal that it alone keeps her alive and kicking. Along comes



John Spencer as Supervisor Dan White in *Execution of Justice*



Joseph Adams and Susan Bruyn share one chaste kiss in *Courtship*. Searching for the theatrical future in the American past.

a plot twist that was hoary when Shakespeare used it, and Mastrosimone ends up with a fowl play.

The three strongest works on display: *Husbandry* by Patrick Tovatt. Les (Ray Fry) is an endangered species: the independent farmer who loves the land and rotates his crops, scurrying for survival. Now he is tired and just about broke, ready to extend "the chain of stewardship, or better yet, of husbandry" to his son Harry (Ken Jenkins), who works in a city parks department. Les' wife (Gloria Cromwell) demands this sacrifice-fulfillment from her son; Harry's wife (Deborah Hedwall) denounces it. The play simmers

so gently for so long, as each potential confrontation is deflected with Chekovian shrugs and silences, that when it boils into hostility it sears the audience. *Husbandry* ends in a stalemate between spouses and generations that has the abrupt finality of a domestic tragedy. All four actors are splendid under Jory's acute direction.

The Octette Bridge Club by P.J. Barry. Or: *Morning's at Seven* times two. This canny comedy-drama concerns the eight Donovan sisters, all Rhode Island Catholics of a certain age, who spend every other Friday night from 1931 to 1944 playing cards, swapping pieties and gibes, and often giggling like ticklish Munchkins. Yes,

there are private agonies that not even the trill of Irish laughter can successfully smother, but the lingering mood is fond and bantering, as if the playwright had stumbled into some improbable locker room of maiden aunts. It takes no imagination at all to see this play on Broadway next season with an all-star cast. Before they consider that, producers are invited to check out the A.T.L.'s near flawless octet of biddies.

Execution of Justice by Emily Mann. Dan White was a Viet Nam paratrooper, then a policeman, a fireman and supervisor of San Francisco's Eighth District. On Nov. 27, 1978, he shot and killed Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk, the first avowed homosexual elected to high city office. The trial of Dan White was a horrifying sensation; the verdict, guilty of voluntary manslaughter, was an outrage, especially to San Francisco's large population of gays. When White was released from prison this January, a little more than four years after the trial, some militant homosexuals called for his death.

Compelling facts do not always cohere into riveting drama. But Mann, author of the social documentary play *Still Life*, has shaped the trial transcript and other relevant comments into anophthalmic form: the lament of a hard-nosed cop will be answered by a raucous drag queen; the surreal anguish of Dan White (incarnated with creepy brilliance by John Spencer) will be followed by some wildly comic testimony that might have come from Carol Burnett's blooper barrel. *Execution of Justice*, directed by Oscar Eustis and Anthony Taccone, is a major work that seems to stand outside the perimeters of most Humana Festival plays. Yet its concerns are the same: to examine, with care and craft, the rending dynamics of American society. In life and art, these plays argue, get back to essentials.

—By Richard Corliss

Cinema

Wild Child Noble Savage

GREYSTOKE: THE LEGEND OF
TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES
Directed by Hugh Hudson
Screenplay by P.H. Vazak
and Michael Austin

Grab a vine, give a yell and prepare to take a leap of faith: they have gone and made an utterly serious Tarzan movie and, believe it or not, it is rather good. Indeed, much of *Greystoke* is very good, a tender, thoughtful and pictorially beautiful working out of the themes that were implicit in Edgar Rice Burroughs' original conception, but which over 70 years of life in the Hollywood jungle have been choked off by the riotous, unchecked growth of weedy invention and seedy, B-picture convention.



Ape "father" with Son Tarzan, a.k.a. the seventh Earl of Greystoke (Christopher Lambert)

Rediscovering a mythic and tragic figure with a relevance for our time.

In fact, the first thing a viewer of the new film has to do is take a machete to his comfortable expectations about the Ape Man. Banish beefy Johnny Weissmuller, his predecessors and his heirs from your mind; rethink Jane; forget Boy; above all, abandon hope that Cheeta the chimp will skitter on to provide not only the movie's best acting but its only conscious comic relief as well. All of that was admittedly fun, as if the cast of a suburban sitcom had been dropped down in the African hinterlands, told to undress and act natural. But Burroughs, that dauntlessly prolific pop fictioneer, had something more important on his mind when he dreamed up Tarzan: nothing less than the creation of a mythic figure who would encapsulate the Edwardian age's anguish over the way the virtues of the primitive life were being trampled by the irresistible march of industrialism and imperialism. It is this figure that Hugh Hudson, director of *Chariots of Fire*, has sought to restore, on a near tragic scale.

As a symbol, Tarzan (played lithely but never blithely by Christopher Lambert) requires little decoding. Born the seventh Earl of Greystoke to parents shipwrecked on the African coast, orphaned in infancy and raised by an extended family of apes, he is rescued and restored to his patrimony by a passing explorer (Ian Holm, who symbolizes humanity at its best). Unfortunately, he fits as uneasily into English society as he did into simian society, despite the loving fuss made over him by his grandfather (the late Ralph Richardson in all his glorious eccentricity). The old man's death, when he attempts to break free of lordly constraint to celebrate his grandson's return, and the death of Tarzan's ape "father," at the hands of a panicky civilization, turn the noble savage into a premature existentialist permanent outsider, last seen heading back to the bush, where he will have to invent a life in the borderlands between two communities he can never fully

join. Jane (Andie MacDowell) watches him go, awaiting reunion in a sequel one suspects will never be.

There is an inescapable poignancy in this tale, and a relevance for contemporary romantics that perhaps Hudson and his writers are a little too impressed with. And even as one admires the scientific plausibility of the director's realization of ape society, his loving eye for the decorative details of life at the top in turn-of-the-century Britain, one grows a trifle impatient with his ponderousness. Besides merely employing Richardson, he might have learned from the master his trick of keeping things light and keeping them moving without loss of authenticity or integrity. Still, having survived all those years of careless handling, Tarzan deserves Hudson's excesses of respect. If the director has erred, it is only out of an understandable and exemplary desire to restore a magical figure to his rightful place in our minds. —By Richard Schickel

Growing Boys

RACING WITH THE MOON
Directed by Richard Benjamin
Screenplay by Steven Kloves

World War II is going on out there, and in a matter of weeks Hopper (Sean Penn) and Nicky (Nicolas Cage) will report for enlistment. But that leaves time enough for them to punctuate their broody adolescent walks with leaps onto fast-moving freight trains, for Hopper to fall in love with Caddie (Elizabeth McGovern) and for Nicky to get his girlfriend Sally (Suzanne Adkinson) "in trouble." These characters, and their problems, are the basic banalities of books and movies that insist on taking adolescence as seriously as adolescents do. Director Benjamin has found some picturesque locations, so his picture looks nice; the period details are no more than usually self-conscious, and the actors are all agreeable. But the film's soft false nostalgia is no substitute for liveliness of spirit and freshness of insight. —R.S.

Educating Joan

ROMANCING THE STONE
Directed by Robert Zemeckis
Screenplay by Diane Thomas

Joan Wilder (Kathleen Turner) is the kind of romance novelist who cries over her own happy endings and then puts a sprig of parsley on her cat's dinner so he can join in celebrating the completion of another bodice-ripping yarn. Because her life is not quite the page turner that her novels are, it is the cheerful, if improbable, business of *Romancing the Stone* to transform her into a reasonable facsimile of one of her own adventuresomesque lost in the Colombian jungle. Michael Douglas plays the footloose fellow who helps her decipher the enigmas of her libido and the map that leads to the buried treasure. Their path is strewn with kidnappers, dope smugglers, sadistic policemen and a wide variety of unpleasant reptiles. But Director Zemeckis pushes them along at a pace that demurs disbelief, while realizing the full satirical values of Diane Thomas' brisk thrusts at adventure-film conventions. Douglas graciously concedes the movie to Turner, the wild and steamy lady of *Body Heat*, who demonstrates that she can also play repression, frumpiness and comedy. She is the kind of treasure everybody in Hollywood would be fishing a map to discover. —R.S.



Kathleen Turner

Education



Sending Degrees to the Dogs

The FBI tries to throw the book at burgeoning diploma mills

Sassafras Herbert proudly displays her handsome diploma from the American Association of Nutrition and Dietary Consultants. The certificate entitles Herbert to a listing in the *Official Directory of Nutrition and Dietary Consultants* and special rates for malpractice insurance. The latter benefit is a good thing, because Sassafras is an eleven-year-old poodle. Her owner, Victor Herbert, a New York City physician, bought the diploma for \$50 to prove a point. Says he: "Something that looks like a diploma doesn't mean that somebody has responsible training."

The business of selling bogus degrees to people seeking to boost their egos, or more likely their job prospects, is growing. The FBI estimates that there are at least 100 diploma mills in the U.S. selling 10,000 to 15,000 phony sheepskins a year. No cracking of books or taking of stiff exams is required. In fact, most of these counterfeit colleges demand little more than a fee for a degree (usually a few hundred dollars for a B.A. and up to \$5,000 for a Ph.D.). They advertise their wares in the classified-ad sections of magazines with alluring lines like, "Get the degree you need without ever leaving home." In particular, the phony schools are flourishing in those Southern and Western states where college regulation is weak or not rigorously enforced. Thus, someone can open an office, call it a university, and without faculty or curriculum begin mailing out degrees for a price. Says FBI Agent Robert Pence: "Diploma mills debase our entire educational system."

Four years ago this multimillion-dollar business came under the eye of the FBI, the U.S. Post Office and the Internal Revenue Service. Since then, in an investigation dubbed Dipscam, more than 20 diploma mills have been closed down and three operators have been sent to jail. Last week John Blazer pleaded guilty to mail fraud for sending out degrees from his bogus universities of East Georgia and the Bahama Islands; he received a two-year prison term. And in Arkansas last year, George C. Lyon, 79, was given a year in prison and fined \$2,000 after selling FBI Agent Allen Ezell five phony degrees. Says Ezell: "I complained to him because a diploma I'd gotten in the mail was damaged. He sat there and forged another one for me right on the spot."

There are problems with bringing charges, the FBI admits. While an investigation into mail or wire fraud can take up to two years, an alert diploma salesman can move on to a new location almost overnight. Charles Alfred Durham, 54, of Seneca, S.C., who has been charged with mail fraud in connection with three diploma mills, has a clever defense: that the diplomas, costing up to \$940 for a doctorate, were only "expensive novelties." Says Durham's lawyer, Daniel Day: "People who bought these diplomas knew exactly what they were getting, and I don't think the FBI can show otherwise."

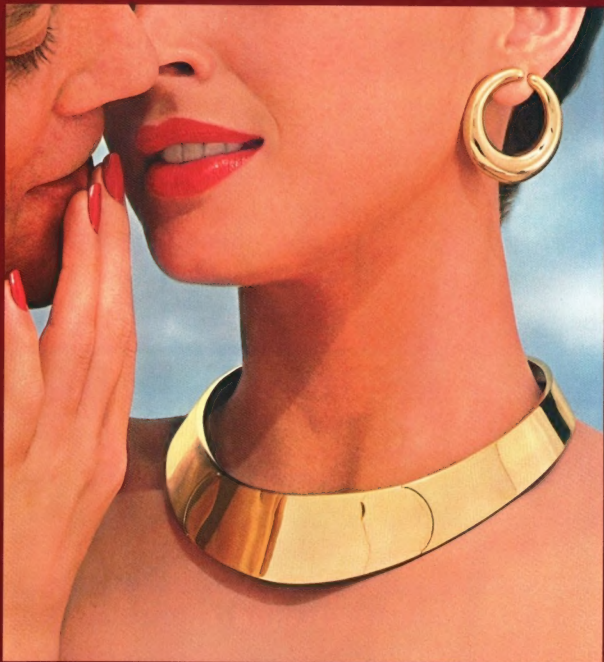
The FBI maintains that people who buy the diplomas are often partners in fraud. Over a decade, one diploma mill, Southeastern University in Greenville,

S.C., graduated 620 students, including 171 county, state and federal employees. Such "graduates" frequently mislead employers to get raises. But many buyers are simply naive, believing that a mail-order diploma can certify what has been learned on the job. A night security guard in Temple, Texas, says he bought a B.A. in law enforcement from Southwestern University in Tucson for \$500 in 1982 because he "wanted something to hang on my wall and feel proud about." Ultimately, he became suspicious about his purchase: the transcript showed good grades for unrelated "courses," including an A in trigonometry. The Arizona house of representatives has passed legislation (awaiting state-senate passage this spring) that will outlaw the obvious diploma mills.

Such a law faces one major difficulty: there is a fine line in some states between schools that are experimental and those that are illegitimate. It is hard to define a diploma mill. In California, for instance, anyone can set up an "authorized" degree program by providing a list of faculty members and courses and \$50,000 in assets (a home qualifies). Southland University in Pasadena, for example, meets all the state requirements. Yet last year the former registrar told the FBI that one student received a B.A. in engineering after submitting a short resumé, and a real estate agent got a *juris* doctorate by taking a legal assistant's examination. Southland Founder James Kirk, who says he no longer runs the 700-student institution, freely admits, "I had no interest as an educator. It was a good way to make money."

—By *Ellie McGrath*. Reported by *Leslie Cauley/Atlanta* and *Laura Meyers/Los Angeles*, with other bureaus

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